

# TOC H JOURNAL

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*Contributions must reach the Editor not later than the Tenth of the month previous to issue*

## FORE !

*Lately the Central Executive have been devoting a good deal of time and thought to the consideration of the leadership and the task of Toc H in the future. The following pronouncement is issued by them as a fair summary of their point of view. They are anxious that all members should read it with attention and try to help them by constructive thinking on the subject.*

IN a short three years from now Toc H will have reached the age which, for an individual, entails the full responsibilities of manhood. Individuals and families are different things, and analogies between them become dangerous if they are made too exact. That understood, the picture of Toc H, as a being now almost grown to full stature, has its usefulness. Looking back now over the difficult years since the war, we can see the stages in its growth. The healthy, vigorous infant born in Poperinghe might well have pined away when it was transported to the enervating atmosphere of Red Lion Square. There were not wanting old wives to shake their heads sadly over its impending demise, and to debate with gusto the furnishings of its funeral. But the child refused to gratify them. It sat up, took nourishment, not all of the milk-and-water variety, and began to grow. Its first efforts to walk were erratic; it flopped unexpectedly, got in other people's way and sometimes bruised itself. Its first need was that its bones should grow hard, its flesh firm, its limbs co-ordinated. Bodily growth is not merely a matter of increase of size, but of knitting together the whole structure and articulating its parts. That is why so much of the energy of Toc H has gone, and rightly gone, in these years to the filling out of the fabric sketched by the Royal Charter into the full scheme of self-government with which we are now familiar. With growth of body goes growth of mind. Toc H has learnt much in these years, and it has learnt not merely by study (like most young things it has often been unduly impatient of study) but by experiment. Every young thing likes to try itself out, to tilt against dragons, and is not dismayed to find that real dragons can deal shrewd blows, and that some supposed dragons turn out to be only windmills. Toc H has found all this, has got its wounds, made its mistakes, and acquired the experience which is the unrivalled school of character. Has there gone with this, as there should, a corresponding growth of that inner essence that men call spirit? Few who really know Toc H would hesitate to lay their hands on their hearts and answer honestly "yes." But because spirit is so subtle a thing, because humility and not braggadocio lies at its core, it is better to leave this vital question for each member to face for himself, and to separate with clear-eyed resolution the real gold from the dross.

At this point the analogy of individual and family must cease or it becomes false. To pursue it would suggest that Toc H will grow no more, and that in a few years it will have settled down into the comfortable routine of middle age, content

with its armchair by the fireside, its familiar customs and the tales of the adventures of its youth. Neither of these things need be true. They will not be if Toc H, now grown to man's estate, can turn its energy from within outward; can now, having built itself and fleshed its teeth on some of the world's ills, give itself increasingly to the building of the future.

Toc H, full grown, confronts a world exceeding sick. It is sick with the deferred hope of the new world men promised themselves in 1918, not understanding then that the evil results of an orgy of destruction yield only to long and patient toil. It is sick with a growing fear that work and play, the ordering of the lives of individuals and nations, are increasingly controlled by mechanisms, regimenting men this way and that and wholly blind to the joy of beauty and the sense of right. Men have almost ceased to believe that human wills can triumph over destruction and assert the mastery of mankind over mechanism.

The world is simply crying for quality of individual manhood. Nothing else can serve its need, for all policies, however good, depend in the long run upon this. Toc H, relieved of the strains of growth, has now this vital need staring it in the face. Its future business must be to build that quality of individual life without which there can be no future. A thing which is rooted upon belief in man and on the untold possibilities of the spirit of God at work in men can have no other destiny. For this it was born, to this all its growth leads, in this all the previous efforts and experience of its individual members find their fruition. But from now on it must be consciously pursuing an aim which hitherto has been masked to some extent by the process of its own growth. Its effort towards the building of the Kingdom of God, never lost sight of, must become deliberately constructive with the purpose of men who are full grown and know what they are about. Not only must it look outward beyond itself, but it must look forward to the future. Viewed in this way, all sides of Toc H life—some of them at present in danger of becoming pointless because they seem unrelated to the rest—can be welded into a constructive whole. The Guest-night visitor will feel not only a real fellowship but a purposive one. The Branch programme, remaining many-sided, will be linked by a common thread. Jobs, whether for the growing generation or for those who have been robbed of fulness of life, will be reinforced or (however worthy) allowed to come to an end, according to their relevance to the main issue. Study and training—and both are badly needed—will gain in usefulness by falling into place in the scheme of Toc H thinking and doing. The field thus outlined is wide enough to give scope for men of varying ages, temperaments and talents. It is probably true that the driving force must come from the young members, who, in a rapidly changing world, have the closest sympathy with the developing future; but behind the front line there will be much work for older men who will be heartened by the sense that they, too, have a part in a comprehensive plan of action.

There are men in Toc H to-day who are doubting because they cannot see where Toc H is taking them. There are men, and good men, outside who would come in with joy if they could satisfy themselves on that point. What is wanted is not a revolutionary change, but a determination to pull together many things that are instinct in Toc H and by so doing to increase their power. It is no business of Toc H to throw its collective weight into any party cause, however noble. That is

for individual members. For the movement as a whole the creation of the quality of individual life on which alone the Kingdom of God can be built, is the one definite, all-inclusive object. Infinite diversity in the points of attack, troops of all arms, many fronts, but a single dominating purpose, vitalizing the whole effort—such is the need. Toc H has had, wisely, to bide its time, till it was full grown enough for its task. The time is now. When Toc H comes of age in 1936 its immediate task will be nowhere near completion. But it should be striding forward in the consciousness of full manhood, with a lilt in its heart and a power in its arm that can do much to build the world of to-morrow.

## A CHRISTMAS SONG

*To be sung in Unison.*

*Tune: "Night Marching," by P. B. C. and G. M.*



### I.

COME ye to Bethlehem, come ye together and meet at the Manger to-night;  
Come from the work-a-day world that confounds you and kneel at the Cradle of Light;  
Wisdom has spoken—the darkness is broken—a star leads us back to the Day.  
Lift up your hearts for the angels are watching Lord Jesus asleep in the hay.

### II.

Christians awaken and lift up your voices to blend with the carols on high;  
Angels are singing and bright is the Eastern star shining in Bethlehem's sky;  
Pledge us to constancy, peace and sincerity, faith that shall strengthen and stay.  
Lift up your hearts for the angels are watching Lord Jesus asleep in the hay.

### III.

Over the hills where a long road is winding the voices take up the refrain—  
"Peace and good will to men, darkness was broken when Light came from Heaven to reign,"  
Light that has sought us and caught us and brought us from midnight gloom back to the Way—  
Light never ending, for angels are bending o'er Jesus asleep in the hay.

G. B. F.

## THE LIVING PAST

**T**OC H, it has been said, "looks back only in order better to look forward." This is no paradox but a well-tryed principle of progress which any nation or society neglects only at its peril. For the past holds not only interesting memories but many warnings, examples and encouragements. Toc H, as a pronouncement in this number of the JOURNAL (p. 385) reminds us clearly, must take care to "grow not old." Its great tasks still lie in front of it, but behind it also lies a history of which it should not be unmindful and for which it dare not be ungrateful. The difficulty for most of us is to realise history as something living and as having a vital connection with our own present concerns. This difficulty emerges, for instance, in a member's letter printed on another page, *Are Pilgrimages worth while?* (see p. 394), which, we hope, will call forth a frank expression of opinion, for or against, from other members.

Let us now attempt to link together three fragments, which at first sight do not seem to belong together. The first two are frankly reminiscences of a time which is already but hearsay to more than half our membership. Yet these belong to the "rock from which we were hewn"; reading between the lines you can see that the spirit in which Toc H must face new tasks is not itself new, that its hopes and successes, fears and failures have their counterpart in each generation. In the third fragment, Tubby's pen points the moral of the past for the future of Toc H.

### Long Ago at Lone Tree

*AN article in the May JOURNAL told some of the story of Lone Tree Crater, that great hole in the field of Flanders which is visited week by week by successive parties of Toc H pilgrims to whom it is known as "The Pool of Peace." In common with the Old House itself, it has been preserved for our perpetual use by the generosity of Lord Wakefield. Those who visit it know that this is the crater left by one of the nineteen vast mine explosions which marked the opening of the Battle of Messines on June 7, 1917. But the visitor of the post-war generation finds it extremely difficult to conjure up any picture of the place as his forbears in Toc H knew it. To him it reveals itself as a little lake, rather beautiful and perhaps rather melancholy, lying among the rich crops, beside a small farm; on one side he sees the green slope of Kemmel Hill, on the other the distant spires of Ypres rebuilt. He cannot easily connect it with desolation and sudden death, with agony and humour, with desperate fear and high courage. Here, then, is a tiny glimpse such as most Foundation Members could parallel from their experience, which may help him to see this aspect. It belongs to the dark days of 1918, when not only the ridge of Messines and all the ground in which the Pool of Peace now lies had been re-captured by the German advance, but Kemmel Hill, till then impregnable, had fallen and the whole Salient of Ypres was in dire jeopardy. The story is very simply told by a young platoon commander, since well known to us as Padre ALEX BIRKMIRE.*

**O**N September 2, 1918, our battalion lay in front of Kemmel Hill, between it and the Scherpenburg. The Germans were in possession of the hill-top and had an excellent view of all our doings. Late that night we were warned that at 5.30 the following morning the whole line was to move straight forward at all costs. Kemmel lay directly in front of us, and we all hastily retired to our holes to set our affairs in order and write our last letters home, for the first wave would certainly

never have reached the summit. However, in the small hours we were routed out to hear the glad news that 'Jerry' had evacuated Kemmel in the night, and that consequently the planned attack was off. I need not enlarge on our feelings!\*

On the evening of the third we went forward, our battalion going, not over the top of Kemmel, but marching in comparative comfort round its left flank: I say comparative comfort, because a German 'plane picked us up, dropped two bombs at the tail of the column and then flew up the length of the road at what seemed about ten feet above us and machine-gunned the road. Not much damage was done and we gathered ourselves together and went on. Eventually, having passed the ruins of Kemmel Chateau, we took up a line across the Kemmel-Wytschaete road, some half-mile in front of Kemmel itself. Even this minor operation was not completed without mistakes, for we blundered into the support line and carefully relieved the Companies there, and were fetched out again about half-an-hour later by stern voices demanding how the hell we had got in there! We struggled out and forward, and eventually arrived in our own line, posted sentries and settled in to the usual trench-night. Meanwhile, 'Jerry' shelled the road intermittently.

The night passed without any untoward happenings and the next day was quiet, save that one of our men was killed by a stray shell. The only exciting part of the business was crossing the road from one platoon position to another: 'Jerry' had a machine-gun trained on the road and I at least made one inglorious crossing flat on my tummy. Night came on again with the usual preparations, and those of us who were able settled down for such rest as we could get. About 3.0 a.m. I was roused (I was having a lovely sleep curled up in the corner of a traverse) and summoned to Company H.Q. There we learned that the Company was to go forward at 5.30 to capture and consolidate a crater which lay on up the road, and which the Germans had manned as a strong point. The map reference was given, but map references were not much good in the middle of the night. My platoon (No. 1) was to go over on the left, and No. 3 on the right, with No. 2 in support. The subaltern commanding No. 3—hereinafter referred to as Jimmy—and I decided to go out then and there and try to locate the crater. We trailed out somewhere about 4.0 o'clock, accompanied by a sergeant. I have smiled many times since at the memory of our setting out at 4.0 to find the crater we were to attack at 5.30. We went up on the left of the road, which was raised some two or three feet above the surrounding fields. Of course, I fell into a shell-hole full of water—up to my waist. Now waterproof field-boots are excellent for keeping water out; but when you get them filled they are equally good at keeping it in. I won't dwell on it, but it was for me one of the minor bitternesses of that reconnaissance! After a while we judged we had come far enough forward and decided to cross the road. Jimmy and I scuttled across, and then the sergeant. Of course, his rifle, which he was carrying slung, chose the middle of the road to slip off with a crash, but fortunately it produced no response from the German machine-gunner. We got across, and after feeling our way some little distance up the other side, we ran into a belt of wire. Crouching up against this line, and hardly daring to breathe, we could plainly

\* The long arm of coincidence! Last night (23.11.1933), when this page was about to go to press, Alex Birkmire happened to tell the story at a District Guest-Night. The District Pilot then turned out to have been the messenger who had brought the "glad news" in 1918.—ED.

hear voices coming from somewhere beyond—the voices of the garrison of the crater. We had discovered the position and the only thing to do was to get back with all speed and make ready for the attack. We eventually arrived back in our trench about 5.15, and in a very few minutes gas-shells began to come over. I had a lot of new men in my platoon, and in fussing about (probably quite unnecessarily!) to see that they got into their gas respirators, I didn't get my own on soon enough, with unfortunate results, as it turned out. At 5.30 our artillery opened up, with the double intent of covering our advance and cutting the wire. Away we went, I and my platoon up one side of the road, and Jimmy with No. 3 up the other. Our idea was to wait until Jimmy got to grips, and then to try to come round the flank of the crater. We got well up, and took such cover as we could at the roadside, and waited. Nothing seemed to be happening on the other side (remember it was a raised road and crouching in cover as we were we could not see what was going on). At length I decided to go across to find out what had happened to No. 3. I hopped over the road—not even a road-hog has ever made me cross a road more quickly!—and down on the other side. At once the full rottenness of the situation was clear. In our reconnaissance in the dark we had found a belt of wire, and the artillery had well and truly cut that for us. But beyond it there was another, which of course we hadn't seen, and that wasn't cut, and there was Jimmy and No. 3 taking such infinitesimal cover as they could right up against the line. We had no wire cutters with us—there didn't seem to be any in the whole of Belgium that day. I still have copies of the Skipper's messages to Battalion and Brigade and each ends with a pathetic plea for wire-cutters, but none came. What to do next was hard to decide, but Jimmy and I held a hurried and not very profitable palaver. From where we were I could see that over on the other side of the road—my own side, as it were, from which I had come—there was a tiny knoll, just a little hump in the ground, some 50 or 60 yards in front of where I had left my platoon. It seemed to us that if I could get my Lewis guns up on that knoll they might be able to command the crater. Like a fool, I stood up on the roadside and tried to signal to my sergeant to go forward. The platoon began to move, and telling Jimmy we would hustle along and do what we could, I dashed over again to my own side. We reached the knoll and crept up it with the Lewis guns—we had four with us. We had just got into position when 'Jerry' saw us and turned a battery on us. By some extraordinary providence he was shooting short, but his stuff was dropping unpleasantly close in front of us. We just lay there flat on our faces, vaguely wondering whether the next one would drop plump on us. I never realised until that morning what a vast unprotected area the small of a man's back is. I was convinced that my brace buttons were at least 300 yards apart, and I lay there in the bluest of blue funks. How long the shelling went on I don't know—it seemed an age, but probably was no more than 20 minutes or so. At last it eased up, and two of the Lewis guns got into action. I don't think they did much damage, but they showed willing. There came then one of those curious little personal interludes that one remembers. Having posted the guns and crawled around to see whether everyone was all right, I suggested to my batman, who was lying beside me, that we might indulge in a smoke. I fished out my cigarette case, a tin thing that held eighteen cigarettes, and it was empty. I remember filling up one side of it before we started out, and the



disappearance of nine cigarettes rather mystified me. Smith was grinning hugely, and when I said "What's the joke?" he replied, "You lighted a cigarette just before we came over, and you have been smoking all the time, lighting one from the end of the last." It was a nasty blow, but fortunately the invaluable Smith produced from somewhere a very crumpled packet of Woodbines, and we had one each. They were very good Woodbines, too.

On our side of the road, things were comparatively quiet, though Jerry seemed to be still making things very unpleasant for Jimmy. It was now nearly 10 o'clock. I sent out a small patrol to see if they could connect up with D. Company on our flank, and then decided to leave the sergeant in charge for a while and get back to our old trench and put the position to the skipper. Back I went and found him with the supporting platoon. I explained as best I could what was happening, and he said, rather to my astonishment, "Right you are! You go on down to the M.O. We'll see to this." I had been feeling rotten all the morning, but I had put it down to nerves and good honest fright. Apparently, in the early morning I had got well filled with gas from the gas-shells, and when I went back to the skipper I was almost like a drunken man and was pretty nearly green in the face. To cut a long story short, down I went. The M.O. was living in one of the outhouses of Kemmel Chateau, and he sent me straight down, and I spent a month in a base hospital for not putting my gas-mask on quickly enough! So I left Lone Tree Crater. The only actual sight I had had of the crater was when I was posting the Lewis guns, and my only sight of its garrison was a fleeting glimpse of a machine-gunner in one of the embrasures.

I heard when I returned to the battalion that the attack had proved a failure. Jimmy had hung on in his precarious position throughout the whole of the day, and then had managed to get his platoon away at dusk. Our casualties were heavy for a small Company: 6 men and 1 officer killed, 19 men and 2 officers wounded.

That was my contact with Lone Tree Crater. It was slight enough, but it gives me rather a thrill now when I remember that I had dealings with Toc H's Crater in the days when it was anything but a Pool of Peace. A.B.

### The 'Middle Age'—but not middle-aged!

*NEXT comes the experience of a member slightly younger but not properly "post-war," who is known to Bexhill Branch as 'SNOWBALL.' This is quoted from a letter to the Editor.*

**T**OC H members may be divided into three categories: (1) Ex-service, aged 35 and over. These were in the thick of things, experienced a little or much of actual warfare and are well able to exercise their imagination and memory when reading any explanations which Toc H offers of its historic foundation.

(2) Those aged 28-35, who by reason of their age took no part "on active service," but at the most impressionable time of life were 'mixed up' in the thing at home.

(3) Those aged 16-25, whose knowledge is of "the piping times of peace"—though to many of them the piping may sound a doleful note. Bored by the talk of the War, they find it increasingly difficult to appreciate the whole meaning of the start of Toc H and its subsequent revival when the War ended.

I myself belong to the second group, and my experience is probably typical, however much it is out of touch with the first group and still more with the third.

I was at school when the War began and in my first job when it ended, and the period between is a vivid memory. As it was on the South Coast the town was quickly inundated by people from the East Coast seeking refuge from bombardment and by people from London fleeing from 'Zepps' and 'Taubes.' In a few months the sleepy watering place became almost cosmopolitan. Situated between two Channel ports it became a suitable place for training and concentration camps which sprang up in the country around. The R.G.A. followed the Royal Sussex, and in due time were superseded by South Africans and Canadians. There was a Canadian O.T.C. in our largest hotel, and every family with a room to spare had soldiers billeted on them. Our horizon became enlarged. We found these Yorkshire miners and Lancashire cotton-spinners, Canadian farmers and African fruit-growers were not queer foreigners as we had imagined them to be.

My mother worked seven days a week in a Chapel canteen. For four years I lived there among an ever-changing crowd of men in the levelling khaki, only going home, at impossibly late hours, to sleep. My father became a sergeant of Volunteers and musketry instructor to the Company in a neighbouring village whither and whence I conveyed him three times a week on the step of my bicycle (the lamp glass blacked over in accordance with D.O.R.A.), and learnt to use a Lee-Enfield—throw-outs they were: the third cartridge in each clip invariably jammed and had to be forcibly extracted at the peril of an explosion and serious injury.

On the cliffs was a Trench Warfare School, and here I saw something of the horrors of War—the gas chambers, Verey lights, the crackling burst of rifle grenades, the *ta-ta-ta* of machine-guns and occasionally a shrouded figure on a stretcher—some poor devil who had held on too long to a Mills' bomb.

Life was lived at high pressure, and school hours dragged. We were taught now by women, some of whom were not very capable of authority. We older ones were more or less left to ourselves by a distracted Headmaster, while I was at one period placed in charge of an infant class to teach simple arithmetic by means of an abacus!

These days were full of fun and excitement. The impromptu concerts at the Canteen; a cornetist from the Black Dyke Band, a conjurer from Maskelyne's, a tenor fresh from New York Opera are figures I recall who responded modestly to appeals for talent. The Sunday night sing-songs of favourite hymns—unforgettable. The "notices" to residents: "In the event of invasion the civil population will assemble at — Cemetery and await developments." Stealing rides on the overloaded trams, helping the women conductors to swing round the trolley poles at the terminus and keeping a weather eye lifted for "jumpers" but always having a penny in one's pocket in case of emergency. Watching with amazement the cargoes of drunks whom the Military Police draped over the rails of the upper deck.

The beginning of 1918 found the Camps thinly populated—man-power was running low—and some were converted into Hospitals, an ominous sign, and hospital trains and ambulances became familiar, while hospital blue slowly replaced khaki in our streets. On still summer evenings a low rumble in the east told of Flanders guns and added to the sense of foreboding which overhung the town.



Then came the Great Peace—the Camps and Hospitals disintegrated slowly under the auctioneer's hammer, the trenches were filled in and grass soon hid the scars, while the town slowly returned to its original stagnation. But I had seen War, at a distance, 'tis true, but I could and can appreciate something of the spirit of comradeship. I remember the queues for food wherein I stood, and how we gave way to old women who had come far and waited long. Cheerfulness in face of semi-starvation was constant. We suffered from poor teaching and poor food, but we learnt to live at concert pitch!

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We are continually hearing from Pilots and other leaders among us that they find it more and more difficult to convey to the younger men now coming into our movement the reality of the Spirit which was manifested between man and man in the Great War and which we have set ourselves to perpetuate. It is obvious that they can never really grasp the bloodiness of Flanders out of which this spirit was born. If not, what are we to offer them? It is a well-known fact that you can most successfully describe a thing by comparison. If a man has seen an oak-tree, you can probably make him understand its differences from an elm, but if he has never seen a plant of any kind his mental picture of an oak, from your description, will be of the *vaguest*. So with our younger members. If we who are so anxious to show them this spirit can but live our own lives in it we can say, quite simply, 'Come and see'; we can teach them of our foundation because they will be able to compare. We shall then have the right to say "You see this?—well, this is what men rediscovered in Flanders, and we are trying to maintain it, and to use it in the biggest cause of all—the building of the Kingdom of God."

### The Unbroken Succession

*Lastly, here is a fragment from a letter to the Editor from TUBBY. In it he links past, present and future together by reminding us of the way in which we must continually seek to fulfil the first 'Object' of Toc H. In the words of our Royal Charter it is "to preserve amongst men and to transmit to future generations the traditions of Fellowship and Service manifested by all ranks during the Great War. . ."*

THERE is a most outstanding principle, the preservation of which alone made Toc H what it is to-day. That principle was held against all-comers, in spite of every hostile argument, in spite of all financial considerations to the contrary. No one to-day can reconstruct the emphasis with which the British world of 1920, '21 and '22, maintained that ex-Servicemen alone should constitute the membership of Toc H. Had we then been content to limit work to the ex-Service world, we could have claimed at once £2,000 from the Canteen Board on our old receipts, since Talbot House Canteen was stocked from it. Lord Byng warned me not to do so, and I am still most thankful for that warning. But the whole task of raising money for something which was not ex-Service only was desperate in the extreme throughout those years. Again and again I was told temptingly of funds and private gifts available, provided the membership was thus limited. Yet against these temptations we were proof, preferring the far harder road because the Spirit of God suffered us not to limit Toc H to a dwindling past.

All through these years, however, the one unchallenged fact was this: that Talbot House during three years of war had welcomed men when new arrived in Flanders, because old British troops cut up and decimated never displayed scorn towards newcomers, but simply set to work to build the old tradition in the new drafts replacing casualties. This great example, never to be forgotten by those who witnessed it upon the field, kept Talbot House survivors forward-looking, determined to accept the younger men, to make them gladly welcome, to inspire them, to set their feet where older friends had stood. One of the qualities now seldom heard of, but much stressed in the early days, was this: "Will the new candidate for membership be wise as a selector of successors? Is he a judge of men of his own age? When we, who now elect him to the Brotherhood, have joined the Elder Brethren, can we rely upon his sense of judgment? Will he pick among the generation after his the strongest type of candidate, not chosen by birth or breeding, but on merit?" This apostolic sense of continuance destined within Toc H was very strong. I have met many members in my time and heard all kinds of views about the future; but it is of the essence of Toc H that those who follow us, the youngest members, should be as deeply certain as were we, that Toc H has a life to live, a work to do, which should out-last the children yet unborn. Like will breed like, and the unwise selector will choose a candidate still more unwise, until the fibre of the unit suffers, and nothing short of a new start will repair the damage.

The men were taught at almost every meeting in the old days that Toc H, when it entrusted them with membership, entrusted them chiefly with the responsibility of selecting others. Therefore they were not bidden to sweep in that human jelly-fish the 'easy joiner,' but to devote if need be every energy, including prayer, to bringing in strong characters. Toc H was never meant to be a mass Movement, but always to remain a series of small picked and potent teams of men who really counted with their fellows. They could have guests, of course, and helpers of the free-lance kind according to the requirements of the work; but the small core, or nucleus, who had attained to membership were to be knit beyond conventional unity; they were to be quite literally brothers. I do not think that they have ceased to be so.

P. B. C.

## THE OPEN HUSTINGS

### Are Pilgrimages worth while?

SIR,

There have been a series of articles in the Journal recently under the heading of "What is wrong with Toc H?", and I should like to suggest that the very title prejudices the case before it has been heard. There is nothing wrong with Toc H at all: it is only growing up very rapidly and as is quite natural is outgrowing its trappings. So long as we are aware of this and reclothe ourselves accordingly the symptoms are perfectly natural ones.

There is one thing, however, that I should like to suggest that we have outgrown, and

that is the Pilgrimage to Poperinghe. In its infancy Toc H had to rely on war experiences and traditions to a very large extent, but as it has expanded, and more especially as the membership is now largely composed of men who had no first-hand knowledge of the war, it is time that all war connections were relegated to the background where they properly belong, and used merely as historical facts. It is with this in view that I submit that there is very little use at all for the Pilgrimages. They tend to keep us chained down to one historical fact and one only, whereas the roots of Toc H go much farther back than the war. If—as I can quite imagine—it is necessary to

have a central rallying point, might not this be All-Hallows, Barking, and not a place that to us ex-soldiers revives memories of the war, and to others can only be an object of interest. If people are taken to Belgium frankly as sight-seers, then I agree, but as a means of furthering the work of Toc H I think that the usefulness of the Pilgrimages has ended, and Toc H must build up a tradition now entirely divorced from the war experience which only accelerated the formation of a movement that was bound to come at some time or other.

Yours sincerely,

Hull.

JOHN W. MADDOCK.

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DEAR EDITOR,

During a recent week-end a tiny party of overseas members found themselves in the Old House. The absence of an organised pilgrimage made ampler opportunity for fellowship, discussion and worship, and one problem much in mind was that of the remoteness of the realities of Toc H from the younger members—that absence of any concrete background to abstract ideas and ideals which holds men back from full allegiance. The writer, “post-war” in age, nevertheless imagined that he possessed some such background; and at Tyne Cot and Kemmel, beneath the Menin Gate and in the Upper Room, discovered realities and shared them. Only a degree of imagination possessed by few could compass such a realisation without presence in the flesh.

The question which arose was why so small a proportion of the younger members at home and abroad should be visiting Talbot House. . . The matter of means was not disregarded; but the way is already open for the member who cannot himself finance his pilgrimage. The real crux is that many would not go if they could, and do not when they can: they do not understand why they should. We, who have seen, understand, but in the nature of things we cannot pass on to more than an intimate few what is essentially a personal experience. All the ordinary arguments have appeared in your columns already.

What can be done to make Poperinghe the Mecca of Toc H? Special honour, we felt, might be shown outwardly to those who have made their pilgrimage. Suggestions included a special tie, a different badge, a slight alteration to the existing tie or badge, or a distinguishing mark such as a ribbon; but none of these seemed to satisfy, and any mark must come to be the outward sign of a real bestowal of honour in men's minds.

The party felt strongly on this matter, and invites the views of others.

Yours sincerely,

Rio de Janeiro.

M. B. ELSON.

## Testimonials and Photographs

MY DEAR EDITOR,

Almost every day some modern member of Toc H writes in to ask me to support his candidature for this or that post or vacancy. Men write to me that they have never seen a printed word to the effect that I cannot do this. My refusal must therefore leave them with a sense of injury which I am most reluctant to inflict; yet it is obvious that nothing short of total prohibition can be the rule with Toc H growing as it is to-day. Were I to begin upon such letters, they would mount up to hundreds every week. Moreover, my testimonials would lack honesty, for I know nothing of the men concerned.

The Foundation Members, many of them hard-hit and some most pitifully circumstanced, never infringe this rule, which is an old one. It is at the core of true Toc H that a man's membership must never be used for the purposes of self-advancement. Once we allow this principle to be infringed, Toc H would be extremely badly compromised. Therefore, with great reluctance, I say ‘No!’ and go on saying it to all.

One other point. May I solve simply what has now become a most expensive problem in the Porch Room. Units do me the honour of desiring signed photographs; the ink and time cost nothing, but photographs are terribly expensive. I must in future charge their cost, *i.e.*, 2/6d.

Yours always,

All Hallows.

TUBBY.

# WHAT IS WRONG WITH TOC H?

*Previous articles in this series by a North-Western member appeared in May, July, October and November.*

## V. —Leadership

**I**N places where Toc H is working really well, leaders have emerged quite naturally. Furthermore, leadership is being shared, in the realisation that the need for it comes to all of us sooner or later in some degree. In other places, we have not yet shaken off the world's weakness for crediting a leader with exceptional character and ability, and using this as an excuse either for not following or for following blindly. To seek for a scapegoat for each evil which we encounter is to evade our own share of the responsibility, as we saw in an earlier article. Similarly, by attributing the powers of a superman to a leader, we shirk our part of a Toc H obligation.

We can be thankful for the existence in the world of extraordinary men, some of whom achieve extraordinary things. But Toc H at its best is the triumph of the *ordinary man*—doing *extraordinary things*. Leading and following are seen as two sides of the same job, requiring many of the same qualities. Following is often leadership in the making. Leading may be only the preparation for following a still higher lead. But Example covers a great deal more than simple leadership. It is continually with us, and it even includes Precept so far as our words may be an example to others. Precept and Example have little value apart from each other, and their joint effect depends not upon quantity but upon the intensity of fusion. To quote Dean Inge again: "When we turn from the character of Christ to His precepts (though we must in part interpret the first by the second and the second by the first), we find no system of Ethics, no code of rules for conduct, but an outlook, a manner of thinking and acting, a standard of values, which necessarily penetrate every corner of the personality."

## The Strength of Unity

There is an old proverb which says that unity is strength. How far do we apply it personally and individually? How far is the life of each one of us a unity? Most of us consist of a mask and a personality: the world sees the mask and those intimate with us see the personality. We fritter away much of our mental and moral energy in holding apart the mask and the personality, while attempting secret reconciliations between them. But the mark of the true Toc H man is Poise not Pose. Unfortunately, with many of us, the Pose becomes too much associated with Repose as we grow older. We like to feel ourselves the hard-bitten warriors of many campaigns, and we are flattered when young men seek our advice.

From the earliest days of Christianity, men have been sent out two-by-two to do Christ's work. And the ideal pair is an older man and a younger, who in his turn will grow old and be the senior in a new partnership. The younger sees not only how the older tackles difficulties, but also how difficult they are to him, with all his experience. So far from discouraging the youngster, this puts him on his mettle,

if he is of the true stuff. And he sees the elder, flexible and adaptable as he is, regain the same point of balance after each excursion into a new field. Unity of this sort gives a young man a firm grip on the Christian life, at the very outset. No amount of armchair assistance can accomplish as much.

Everyone can learn by his own mistakes, as well as from the mistakes of others, where others are honest enough to reveal them. But to force each generation to begin at the bottom is to cast away all the fruits of progress.

Many of the limitations of Youth arise from sheer awkwardness, not from lack of experience in the broader sense. Most of us remember our own awkwardness in certain situations. How often or how seldom do we quietly see that a youngster is put at his case? To make him Go Through the Mill, in the world's phrase, is at best to give him a surface hardness which will prevent him learning fully from his own future mistakes. At worst, it makes him thick-headed as well as thick-skinned. As the writer sees it, Toc H is itself a rebellion against the policy of allowing one generation to make the next generation pay in tears and pain for its footing in the community. On the other hand, there are Peter Pans among us who forget that "It is good to have been young in youth and, as years go on, to grow older. Many are already old before they are through their 'teens; but to travel deliberately through one's ages is to get the heart out of a liberal education."

#### Popularity

Age need not be Crabbed Age, but it must be prepared to tell Youth when he seems to be on the wrong road. As men grow older, we sometimes admire them for acquiring tact when they have merely lost courage.

Popularity has a certain value as a symptom, but its intrinsic worth depends upon the quality of the community concerned. If Toc H is the thing we believe it to be, a good man ought to possess a high degree of popularity. But he must not expect to be equally popular wherever he goes in the world. He should inspire love, if possible, but it is essential that he should inspire respect, for Toc H and for himself—for himself only to enable his job to be done.

Most of us do not court popularity. We do not even individually avoid unpopularity. We just go with the crowd. Habits of corporate action, corporate thought, and corporate worship are of little effect if they are not the natural outcome of personal habits which endure even when the individual is conscious of being dreadfully alone in some task or trial. Heartiness is the by-product of over-much herding together, but real sincerity produces an enthusiasm which is a driving-force in isolation as well as infectious in the throng.

#### Being Prepared

Scouting exhibits the phenomenon of a movement initiated by a distinguished soldier who realised that armies train men only to act together, whereas individuality can be developed without detracting from corporate efficiency and discipline. "*Be Prepared*—the meaning of the motto is that a scout must prepare himself by previous thinking out and practising how to act in any accident or emergency so that he is never taken by surprise; he knows exactly what to do when anything unexpected happens."

It is not too much to expect that the above, framed for boys of eleven and upwards, should apply to Toc H, with its minimum age of sixteen. Of course, it can and must be applied to many matters beyond simple emergencies, beyond mere material things, indeed. But it illustrates one of our weaknesses in which we regard Toc H training almost entirely as a corporate affair. The smallness of Scout Troops represented a revolution in a boy-world accustomed to large clubs and brigades (excellent as is the work which these still do). In the same way, we must realise that large attendances at Training Week-ends will never compensate for the more intense training of the individual by himself and by just a few intimates. It is here that there is such a great field for the older man whose other duties leave him little time for attending Guest-nights and similar gatherings. By giving a few younger men the run of his home and the benefit of his experience, he can do much without ever opening his mouth in formal teaching.

It would be idle to pretend that the older man, particularly when he is a parent, has not a certain amount to learn from his younger friends. He should not, however, be just an overgrown boy among them, and he might well read the motto over his Branch doorway as: "All rank (but not all responsibility) abandon, ye who enter here."

F. W. M.

## CHEERFUL BONDAGE

"I WAS greatly interested in the article on Sungci Buloh (the Leper Settlement in Kuala Lumpur) which appeared in the May JOURNAL. So much, in fact, that I wrote to Dr. Ryrie asking if, as it was impossible for me to visit the Settlement, I could correspond with one of the inmates. I had a very long and interesting reply from Dr. Ryrie, in which he introduced Syed Long. To quote the Doctor, 'I have a Malay boy here called Syed Long who is about twenty years old. He can read and write English. His hands are wasted and deformed and both his feet are quite numb. His fingers are mutilated with his disease also.' Last August, I received my first letter from Syed Long. I was so interested in it, and amazed by the note of joy and gratefulness which ran throughout the whole of it." *So writes a member to the Editor, enclosing the following letter from Syed Long:—*

"DEAR FRIEND,

It is with the greatest pleasure to have the opportunity of writing to you for the first time, and it is also for the kind persuasion of Dr. Ryrie, that I am able to write to you some accounts of myself and the inmates of this Settlements. I would like to mention that I was a student in the Methodist Boys' School in Kuala Lumpur which is the capital of the Federated Malay States. At the time when I was studying in the fifth standard, unfortunately I was having some signs of this disease on my face and a little on my body, so my father being very much downhearted stopped me from schooling. I was detained at home, and many quack doctors were called to see me, and in spite of their various medicines it was still a failure, and instead of my disease getting better it became worse, and at last my father had an information from one of his old friends regarding this Settlement. He immediately brought me to this Settlement and when I arrived here at first I was surprised to see this up-to-date Settlement. I was so happy and I forgot all worries and after some months I felt a different person from what I was before, because I was given the best medical attention and comforts. After taking regular treatment, I find my disease much improving than I was before.



"I am glad to tell you that I have a job as a dresser assistant in charge of one of the acute wards, and also many of my friends here are working in the same line as me and these are all through the kind help of Dr. Ryrie who loves his patients all alike and he is like a father to us all here. We have been given the privilege to visit our parents at home once in a way, and sometimes a joy ride to Kuala Lumpur Town, in the Settlement ambulance, and from this Settlement to Kuala Lumpur Town is about 15 miles. Sometimes we use to go out in the Jungles which is out from the Settlement fencing. There are at present (in the Settlement) over one thousand patients of which are Chinese, Indians, Malays, Eurasians and others, of which most of them were immigrants from China and India. The patients are all happy and contented just because they are properly cared for.

"The Settlement is proud of its social clubs. We have a club for the English speaking people with numerous members, a Chinese social and dramatic clubs, the female club for the women folks and also an Indian social club. All these clubs have each their own musical and sporting requisites. The inmates have the following outdoor games of football, badminton and crickets in the evening. I am glad to tell you that just on the 18th of July, 1933, the children of this Settlement had staged a show of Cinderella and this was the first time that an English show was staged in here with success. There were nearly a hundred Europeans and other visitors attended the show and they all enjoyed every minute from the beginning to the end and some funds were collected from them, and all of which proceeded to the Lepers' Aid Fund. There is also a school in the Settlement with pupils of fifty over boys and girls studying in Chinese under a Chinese teacher, and from these amount thirty of them were selected and are being taught in English lessons since these four months by Mrs. Ryrie, who is so good and kind to the poor little sufferers, and she has taken great pains in training them up and her efforts were crowned with success.

"There are shops in the Settlement owned by the inmates . . . There are many hawkers who sell cigars, cigarettes and matches and other eatable things. We have got special barbers who does all the fashionable crops at a moderate price per head; well, after all, this is a small world of ours. Some of the inmates pass their time in vegetable gardening. Exhibitions of flower plantings, wax flower makings, and drawings by the school children are held yearly.

"Well, my friend, I will write to you some more interesting news when I have the opportunity, and before concluding this letter, I thank you so much for your kind desire to communicate with me though I am suffering from this disease and who is so far distant from you. I am, Yours truly, SYED LONG."

## THE WORLD CHAIN OF LIGHT

ON Saturday and Sunday, December 9 and 10, thousands of Toc H members from the British Isles will be assembled in London to keep the Birthday Festival, at which they will be mindful of their absent brethren, at home and overseas. They will return to their units, filled, we all hope, with the heartening experience of the Festival, and on the following night, December 11—the anniversary of the actual opening of Talbot House in 1915—many of them will gather round the Lamp or Rushlight of their own units to speed the Light on its Westward journey round the world in the Chain of Light. What this symbolic act means and the stages of its progress were explained at length in the November JOURNAL (pages 372-374), to which a diagram of a 'Clock' was added, as a supplement, for the use of members. One error, at least, which crept into the printed time-table of the Vigil at Poperinghe (*i.e.*, the hours at which the party, which goes over

to start the Chain in the Old House, will be remembering their overseas kindred) is important and needs correction. On p. 373, under the sub-heading "Tuesday, December 12" in the lower half of the page, the italic line should read: *All places mentioned below hold "Light" at 9 p.m., by their own time, on December 12—not December 11 as printed.*

Units in the British Isles which decide to take part in the Chain of Light will, of course, light their own Lamp or Rushlight at 9 p.m. on Monday, December 11, the hour at which the first Lamp in the Chain is being lit at Poperinghe. Beyond the customary words of the Ceremony of "Light" they may wish to add some preface or something to follow which seems to them to fit the occasion. A suitable preface which may be suggested is some such form of words as these (written a few years ago by Tubby), leading up to the word *Light*!, which opens the Ceremony of "Light" at 9 p.m.:—

"THIS night in the Upper Room of Talbot House Poperinghe, there is lighted a Lamp. Thus begins the World Chain of Light, which will by to-morrow night have encircled the globe. To far friends and near this Flanders household flame shall shine, recalling Christ and true men of his name.

The Sacrifice of the Elder Brethren will be remembered with proud thanksgiving, as the Light is passed on, winged and unwearied, an incentive to the world-wide family of Toc H to follow them in the path of Service and Brotherly Love.

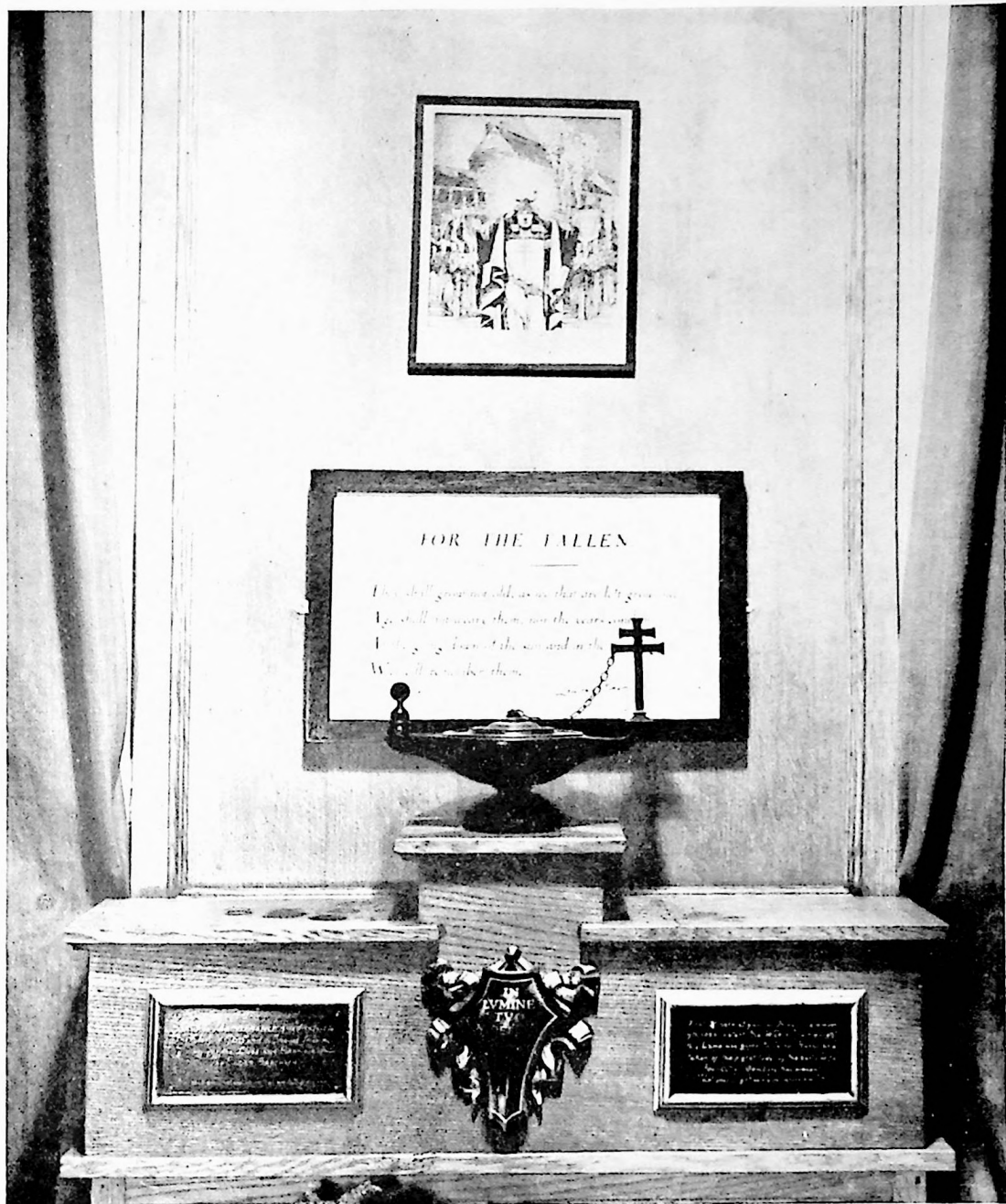
Now let the loving-cup of fire  
Be lifted over land and sea.  
Now may the faith of friends inspire  
Our scattered souls with unity.

For other men's to-morrows, these  
Broke from their dreams, made brief their day.  
Heirs of their spirit will not please  
Themselves, but school themselves and say—

"*Light.*"

#### The Lamp at Poperinghe

Plate XXXIX shows the Lamp at Poperinghe, which will be lit by Tubby, as on two previous occasions, to start the Chain of Light on Monday, December 11. It stands, as members who have visited the Old House know, between the windows of the second-floor landing, at the North end which overlooks the Garden. This was the original position of the Carpenter's Bench: here Holy Communion was celebrated first on December 12th, 1915, and for more than the first month of the House's history, that is, until the Upper Room on the floor above was opened and the Bench transferred to it. This spot, therefore, was the focus for men's worship in the House at Christmas, 1915, about which Tubby wrote home joyfully to his mother at the time. The *pièce de resistance* of the 'Christmas decorations' was "a glorious little Crib with lint, cotton wool and a Christmas star. . . . it stood on a bamboo table beside the Carpenter's Bench." In memory of this a star-shaped lantern hangs over the place to-day. The Lamp itself was first used for the Chain of Light in the Old House on December 5, 1930. It was presented by the members of the party who went over and is dedicated "in proud thanksgiving to the memory of all the Elder Brethren who have worshipped in Talbot House." The Lamp itself stands on an oak pedestal which once bore the altar cross and candles in the Chapel of Mark III in Lambeth: above it hangs a signed copy of Laurence Binyon's words used in the Ceremony of Light and a Birthday Festival picture, showing the Lamp uplifted by the Spirit of Toc H in front of the Old House, surrounded by the Lamps and Banners of the present day and a host of the Elder Brethren of the War.



"WE WILL REMEMBER THEM."  
 Photograph by E. T. Williamson, A.R.P.S., (Mark VII).



BROTHER ASS BEARS THE CHILD AND HIS MOTHER INTO EGYPT.

from a woodcut by Albrecht Dürer, 1505.

*Let me, Thy Ass, be only wise      Who carries Thee is by Thee led ;  
To carry, not search, mysteries.      Who argues, follows his own head.*

Henry Vaughan.

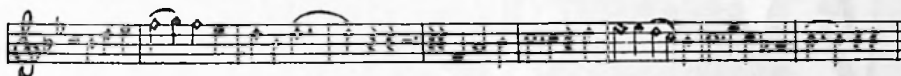
# BROTHER ASS

*If St. FRANCIS, lover of all living creatures, called his own body "BROTHER ASS," each of us should be proud to dedicate these four pages of verses to himself.*



*From a French woodcut, 1556.*

BROTHER ASS, KNEELING IN THE STABLE AT BETHLEHEM, SPEAKS :—



*Thy creature lowly  
Doth bless Thy pow'r;  
I wait, Most Holy,  
Not yet mine hour  
And Thine,  
Rider Divine.\**

THE Ox and Ass had patience  
In the stable-cave,  
As they stood there loving,  
Patient and brave.

The Ox and Ass were lowly,  
As they did adore  
The Baby in the manger . . .  
None loved Him more.

The Ox and Ass were simple  
In their humble way,  
As they kissed the Baby  
Sleeping in hay.

O Baby, give us patience  
From your stable cave . . .  
Patience, love, simplicity,  
And make us brave.

\* From *The Crib*, words by C. M. Baines, music by Martin Shaw.





BROTHER ASS BEARS OUR LORD INTO JERUSALEM.

*From a woodcut by Albrecht Dürer, 1510.*

## The Sign

*The member who sends these verses says " They were written because, while on my holiday this year, I saw a donkey marked with the Double Cross. He was immediately 'Toc H Donk'!"*

FULL many thousand years the way you trod  
 Was exquisite humility; for God  
 Has fashioned you mysteriously aloof  
 Among the other beasts, from head to hoof.  
 He gave you ears, Brother, moulded very long,  
 That you grotesquely move: He made you strong:  
 He gave you for your warmth a silky coat:  
 And of all things a melancholy throat.



He put a quiet wisdom in your eyes,  
So that one day you did not feel surprise  
When men unhitched you; for you knew the Plan.  
It was delight to lift the Son of Man!

To be an ass is held as disrepute:  
Yet, Brother, Jesus Christ once swung His Foot  
Across your back, His Hands were once most near;  
His Fingers lingered by your funny ear.

Your patience was rewarded, Brother, then;  
For as you carried Him 'midst shouting men  
And all the branches strewed about the way,  
The Saviour put His Sign on you that day.

You were in bondage in the ages, old  
Before Christ came. Now His Bonds hold  
You free to live your service: yet men see  
Not God in you but dull stupidity!

And still you go with patience in your eyes  
Your old slow way—Service and Sacrifice—  
But I have seen, Brother, to meet your loss  
Christ's new Sign on your back, the Double Cross;

For you have won more excellent reward  
Than we can hope for. . . Therefore, O sweet Lord,  
Grant us humility and, as You pass,  
Across our backs the sign of Brother Ass.

## The Toc H Donk

I PASSED my brother one day in the road,  
Sweating and hauling at a mighty load  
With patient mien and quiet, happy eyes:  
He toiled as one that loves the trade he plies.

He greeted me in his own funny way,  
As I went by him on that sunny day,  
Not by a shake of hand or kiss on cheek;  
But flick of ear and his most piercing shriek  
Showed all his love. He had no buttonhole  
To put his badge: yet on the Muster Roll  
I know his name stands high: for on his back  
I saw the Saviour's brand (that yet I lack),  
Sign of his gain and symbol of his loss,  
Service and Sacrifice, the Double Cross.

For he has served and he has sacrificed,  
Endured and suffered since he carried Christ.

## Little Things

**M**OST secret God, Thou wast not there  
When Moses sought Thee in the air:  
'Thou wast not there: nor in the wind  
Almighty God did Moses find.

Thou wast not in the fire, when he  
Did call Thy presence anxiously;  
But in the stillness of a voice  
Did'st Thou make Moses' heart rejoice.

Creator of the fire and wind;  
Maker of man and his perplexèd mind;  
Builder of earth; that strewed the sky  
With glittering loveliness of eye;

Lover of Beauty, that didst make  
Such lovely things for all men's sake,  
As dandelion and celandine,  
And ass's ears and breath of kine;

Come once again, as it is told,  
Thou did'st in Bethlehem of old,  
And in the Baby's little voice  
Make men to hear Thee and rejoice.      C.



" RIDE ON, IN MAJESTY, IN LOWLY POMP RIDE ON . . . "

*A Fantasy of the Holy Child, drawn in ink  
on the margin of a page of  
the Emperor Maximilian's  
Prayer Book by  
Albrecht Dürer,*

1515.

## THE USE OF LEISURE

ON Wednesday evenings during October no inconsiderable percentage of the membership of Toc H London might have been found at 42, Trinity Square. The reason was the series of talks which had been arranged on "The Use of Leisure." Time and again as the series progressed members were heard expressing the hope that Alec Churcher would not allow himself to be so completely immersed in the new Northern and Western London Areas as to be unable on some subsequent occasion to organise a further series of talks which should stand in the same succession.

At the outset of his opening talk, HUBERT SECRETAN involved his audience in a "Socratic" argument. Who was the right person to judge of a thing, the expert or the amateur? The expert. Is it, then, true to say that the right judge of the criminal should be a criminal? Upon that basis he would have no right to speak on Leisure. His only claim lay in the fact that he himself had so little of it.

The first talk was designed to give a background for the whole series. Perhaps not all had realised before the need for distinguishing clearly between "idleness" and "leisure"; nor yet the element of self-discipline which must come into a wide use of leisure. Without this element of self-discipline a man will waste his spare time; he will miss that of which Ecclesiasticus—that wise old bird—wrote: "The wisdom of a rich man cometh of the right use of his leisure."

With a wealth of graphic description he then went on to show how this problem of leisure was now one of the major issues facing thoughtful men. In this Robot age, when machines were taking over more and more of the work formerly done by men, the challenge was to think ahead and prepare for that day when we should have to plan not merely for the enforced leisure of the unemployed, but for many more hours of free time for all. Moreover, not only are men bound in the future to find themselves with shorter working hours and far greater leisure; many of the traditional crafts, with all the knowledge and culture which went with them, are being displaced by the machine. This has already resulted in a real deprivation. Men's creative faculties no longer find scope in their daily work; and in the future this will be even more marked. Those movements therefore which are concerned with the way men use their spare time will have to repair this damage. The clubs of the future will have to be not merely places for providing amusement and occupation, they will have to offer skilfully blended activities whereby the whole man may be educated.

It is to this problem that Toc H cannot begin too soon to apply its powers. The whole scope of "service" in Toc H has got to be widened and developed to cater for this new need. It will be met not by offering men a series of good turns, but in training them to become experts at some one interest or craft; and so fitting them to take a lead in helping men to use their spare time in a wise and satisfying manner.

This opening talk was followed by a series of talks on three successive evenings by experts who outlined various ways in which men might be helped to use their leisure creatively. Even the man who "wasn't keen on reading" must have thrilled as HUGH WALPOLE tried to tell a little of what reading meant to him. He talked of some of the books that fill his shelves in that Cumberland cottage, and then let us into a real secret and told us of the more intimate and personal books he kept by his bedside. Pencils scribbled hard as he spoke, making a note now of this book and now of that. It would be interesting to know how many have bought *Tom Jones* or *The 500 Best Letters* or *Anna Karenina* or the *Omibus* of Dorothy Sayers, as a result.

S. J. DE LOTBINIERE ("Lobby" of Mark VII), in a talk that bubbled over with the most delicious humour, made wireless listening not merely an affair of turning a switch, but of deliberate purposive choice; choosing deliberately those items to which we desire to listen and refusing to use our set to provide a background for chatty conversation.

CECIL THOMAS, whose work in the Toc H Chapel in All Hallows is so well known, made many of us feel that while reading was "a good thing," it was an even better thing to have designed and made one's own armchair in which to sit back and enjoy the company of those friendly folk to whom Hugh Walpole had introduced us. The second evening made us feel that if Hubert Secretan had thrown down a challenge to Toc H members to fit themselves for a definite task, there were already experts among the membership well qualified to help us to train for that task.

The third evening again dealt with the subjects which are intimately connected with Everyman's daily life—the Cinema, Music, the Drama. Dr. MARTIN SHAW did for Music what Hugh Walpole had done for Reading. Even those who had very little music in their make-up found themselves hanging eagerly on what he had to say. Again, the emphasis was placed on creative activity, on ourselves doing something. Listening and interpreting the mind of a composer is good; but it is better still oneself to play. Even the morning song in the bath assumed a new importance before he had finished.

The Cinema has now come to be so integral a part of most people's experience that the Rt. Hon. EDWARD SHORTT did not have a hard task to awaken the interest of his audience. He put up a spirited defence of what he so justly claimed was still a new art, which had only begun to work out its technique and means of expression. He at least is in no doubt as to the future it holds in store. A good deal of time was spent in explaining the work of the Board of Film Censors, and his appeal to Toc H members to rest content with nothing less than the best films was closely allied to that.

There is neither time nor space to mention in detail the other talks: Mr. GEOFFREY WHITWORTH on The Drama, and Mr. ST. JOHN CATCHPOOL on the opportunities afforded by the Y.H.A.; Sir NOEL CURTIS-BENNETT's talk on "Team Games" has already been printed.

The task of summing up the series and of indicating the implications of what has been said for Toc H to-day fell to the lot of KEITH FRASER, who had been asked to speak on "Toc H and the Creative Use of Leisure." It is no disparagement of the other talks to say that this turned out to be the most profound and the most massive talk of the whole series. Barkis, the chairman of the evening, extracted a promise from him that he would commit his talk to writing and submit it to the Editor of the JOURNAL. The pity of it is that even if this is done (and readers ought to insist that it is), no written report can preserve the charm and the wit of the spoken word.

After having summarised briefly the previous speakers, Keith began by emphasising the note of choice and of self-discipline which Hubert had struck in his opening talk; he then put up a plea that Toc H should do all in its power to help men to life, and life at its fullest and best. He claimed that this involved an important and fundamental choice, as to whether life was to be based on the acquisitive or the creative principle, as to whether man's happiness was bound up with getting or giving. To his mind there was no doubt as to which was the Christian (and therefore the Toc H) principle. This, however, had all-important implications. If we commit ourselves to the creative principle, then all our knowledge gained from books, all our understanding and sympathy gained from the cinema and the drama, all that has come to enrich us during our spare time, is not something which we acquire merely to enhance our own prestige, or increase our own happiness. It is something which is ours to share and which, the more we share it, the more we shall really enter into and possess it.

Those who knew anything of the work of Sanderson, that great Headmaster, has begun by this time to see clearly the rock from which Keith was hewn. It is no surprise, therefore, when his "Scripper" notes began to be used in telling quotation. "This is the great service, to give abundantly of our gifts, breathing into another of our life." Here was the very essence of Toc H, not what we could get for ourselves, but what we could give to others. Our peace, our joy, is to be found in creative service.

A new vision of what Toc H might be and do now began to open up. But hardly had we begun to luxuriate in that vision when we were reminded that if a thing is worth living for it must be worth dying for. If Toc H is going to attract and hold men, it must call them to jobs into which they can put every ounce of their being. Jobs of that calibre make big demands; often men have got to fit themselves by hard thought and strenuous training before they can undertake them. Sanderson was again quoted: "Vision will die if it be not strengthened by the hardness of craft." Our vision of service will grow flabby and die if we do not train and fit ourselves to undertake hard jobs and to do them efficiently.

On this severely practical note the series ended. We went out that night quietly convinced that our service had got to cost us more, but knowing also that service which was marked by "the hardness of craft" would prove to be its own abundant reward.

## MULTUM IN PARVO

✠ TUBBY, accompanied by Barkis and Geoff. Batchelar, leaves England on December 15 for Gibraltar. He will spend Christmas there with Sir Charles ("Tim") Harington and New Year with the Navy at Malta, helping Toc H in both places. He will reach England again about the middle of January.

✠ The LONDON AREA, which now contains between 130 and 140 units, will be divided into four Areas as from January 1, 1934, viz.: NORTH LONDON (Alec Churcher, Secretary; David Wallace, Padre); EAST LONDON (Norman High, Secretary; David Wallace, Padre); SOUTH LONDON (Ted Hammond, Secretary; John Lewis, Padre); WEST LONDON (Alec Churcher, Secretary; Bobs Ford, Padre). There will be a London Advisory Committee, with Alec Churcher as Secretary, for the four Areas.

✠ R. G. HEAWOOD (Padre for North Midlands) left Derby early in November to be vicar of Church Broughton, Derbyshire; he will act as an Hon. Area Padre until the end of the year. ERNEST GREASLEY (Secretary for North Midlands) leaves Nottingham in the middle of January for an appointment on the teaching staff of St. Boniface College, Warminster. He will be replaced by G. F.

HARRISON (now Chairman, North Birmingham District). All good wishes to "Pickles" and "Grease" in their new work!

✠ E. S. ("Steve") LAMBERT (West Midlands Area Secretary) has asked for, and been granted, six months' leave, without pay. Padre GILBERT WILLIAMS (South Eastern Area) goes on leave for one month in February.

✠ R. V. COLLIER (Hon. Secretary, North Warwickshire District) will take over the Secretaryship of the Eastern Area from RONALD WRAITH, who sails for Australia in January.

✠ HOWARD DUNNETT (Hon. Secretary, North Hants. District) joins the staff in December as "spare man." He will at first be attached to the South Eastern Area.

✠ N. H. M. FERGUSON (of Invergordon) has been appointed Hon Area Pilot for the Highlands—a position parallel to that of COLIN MACPHERSON in South East Scotland (see October JOURNAL, p. 328).

✠ The many friends of GEOFFREY MARTIN, who is at home on sick leave from South Africa, will be glad to hear that the latest news of him is good.

## OUR ELDER BRETHREN

Miss Nancy Norris: Sydney, New South Wales

Toc H in Sydney lost a true mother in Israel when, as the result of a street accident, NANCY NORRIS died on September 5. As an ex-service woman she welcomed Toc H in 1925 with rare understanding, and from that day worked unwearyingly and unobtrusively for its ideals. Many will long remember her with deep affection for her gallant disregard of her own bodily frailty and for her great-hearted and unshakeable faith in Toc H.

Sir Graeme Thomson, G.C.M.G., K.C.B.

The death of SIR GRAEME THOMSON has taken from the Colombo Branch a Patron of singular ability and charm. Director of Transports and Shipping during 1917, Sir Graeme joined the Colonial Office in 1919, as Colonial Secretary for Ceylon. This proved to be the first step in a brilliant career. By strength of character he made up for lack of experience in such a way that he passed rapidly from Ceylon to British Guiana, Nigeria, where as Governor he reached the greatest position in the Colonial Service, then back to Ceylon as its Governor in 1930. He was still in harness when seized with a fatal illness at Aden on his way to England. To Lady Thomson our heartfelt sympathy is extended. His works have created in the memories of the Members in Ceylon a true memorial.

Fred Gibbs: Charlemont Group

FRED GIBBS died on October 5, when all his friends were rejoicing that he was recovering from an operation for appendicitis; so at the early age of 23 he joined the Elder Brethren. He was one of the first half dozen who hived off from West Bromwich to start Charlemont, and was Secretary when Charlemont became a Group and until his death. He was one of the men who make Toc H by continued enthusiasm and willing service. Charlemont owe much to him and will remember all he was and did with proud thanksgiving.

George Percival Milnes: Southborough Branch

By the death of GEORGE MILNES, on October 17, Southborough Branch has lost one of its most active members and Southborough itself a most useful citizen. Since coming to the town about eight years ago, he had identified himself with all kinds of social service activities, and when Toc H came along, he, first as President and later as a member of the Group Committee, did as much as anyone to foster its growth and further its interests. His fairthinking and good-humoured contributions to discussions and his helpful advice on important matters will be greatly missed. It was a tragic coincidence that his death should occur on the day that the Group was promoted to Branch status.

Robert Miller Davis: Evesham Group

The Evesham Group has to record its first bereavement in the sudden passing of their beloved Padre in his sleep in the early hours of Wednesday, October 18. He was borne to his resting place in Sedgebarrow churchyard by the members and probationers of the Group. His kind words and spiritual guidance will always remain a lasting memorial.



WARDEN MANOR: Members who already know the delights of the Toc H Guest House, Warden Manor, Warden Point, Eastchurch, Kent, will be glad to know that it will be open for holiday bookings as from Easter, 1934, but week-ends can be booked by bachelor parties during January, March and April. Apply to Vic Martin at that address.





## MAN ASKS :

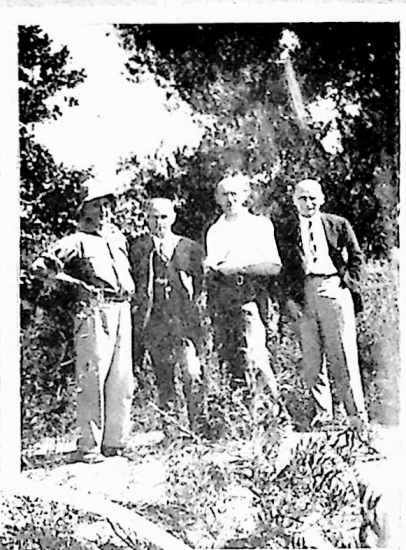
*Is it ironical, a fool enigma,  
This sunset show ?  
This purple stigma,  
Black mountain cut upon a saffron glow—  
Is it a mammoth joke,  
A riddle put for me to guess,  
Which having duly honoured, I may smoke,  
And go to bed,  
And snore,  
Having a soothing consciousness  
Of something red ?  
Or is it more ?  
Ah, is it, is it more ? . . .*

## A VOICE REPLIES :

*It is not that you don't believe :  
It is but that you misconceive  
The work I have to do. . . .  
I make My meaning fairly plain.  
Therefore it is I store  
Such beauty in the clouds, and on the shore  
Make foam-slakes glisten; therefore you have  
seen  
This sunset; therefore 'tis the green  
And lustrous grass  
Hath come to pass,  
And flame  
Lies sparkling in the dew—  
And yet I cannot choose  
But do the same !*

*from T. E. BROWN.*

The photograph was taken in Scotland by G. H. Shennan, Inverness ToC H. Ben Nevis stands on the right, Glen Nevis—or the 'Valley of Heaven'—lies in the centre.



1. The Old Man and the Lad—Owen Watkins and Geoff Martin on the voyage out. 2. Geoff, Col. J. G. Rose (Chairman, Western Province), " Plum " Davis and Owen near Cape Town. 3. Clayton Park, Broken Hill, made by Toc H members and named after the Founder Padre. 4. R. C. Tredgold (Chairman, Rhodesia) with one of his hunting dogs. 5. H. G. Wood (Chairman, Cape Peninsula), with Table Mountain behind.

## TOC H TRAVELLERS' TALES

### With Owen Watkins in Southern Africa.—IV

THE whole family of Toc H will sympathise with Geoffrey Martin in the illness which has necessitated his return to England. They will, I know, join with Southern Africa in the fervent hope that before very long he will be able to return to the work for which he has proved himself so well fitted. The months he has spent in Southern Africa have been well used. He has won the confidence of all, has found his feet, grasped the conditions, problems and difficulties peculiar to this new country, and shown an aptitude remarkable in one who has never previously visited it.

At the conclusion of our tour of the Eastern Province we stole a few days' holiday, and visited the Kruger National Park Game Reserve. Here are hundreds of square miles of untouched bush where game of every sort roams the country unafraid. The animals have become so accustomed to motor-cars that they cease to heed them and even the most timid creatures allow you to approach within a few yards. We saw at close quarters no less than eleven lions, and one lioness with cubs actually walked to meet us until her nose almost touched the bonnet of the car, whereupon she side-stepped and stood watching us as we slowly passed. Hippos, giraffe, zebra, cheetahs, thousands of every kind of buck, baboons, and wart-hogs were among the many creatures we saw in those bewildering days, and at night in the stockaded rest-camp we went to sleep with the roar of lions and the call of jackals in our ears.

#### The Two Rhodesias

The old saying "Everything comes to him who waits" is one of which the truth has often been illustrated in my experience, and my visit to Rhodesia is a case in point. All my life it has been the land of my dreams. My father was one of the first white men to penetrate much of this country. If my Church had permitted me to follow my own desire it was here that my life's work would have been found; now, after long years, my heart's desire has been realised. To me the thrill of entering Rhodesia, of crossing the Zambesi, of talking with old men who knew my father over forty years ago, is something impossible to put into words.

We started work in the far north, just on the borders of the Belgian Congo, within a day's journey of the spot where David Livingstone's faithful servant buried his loved master's heart before starting with his body on that long trek which was to end in Westminster Abbey. The days spent on the journey up were a continuous delight—the stretching veldt, sometimes so curiously reminiscent of English parkland, the Bush growing more dense the further north we went, until finally it became real African forest. Though the rains had not yet come, the trees were putting on their spring dress of young leaves in every shade of brown and red and amber, brilliant as the autumn tints at home, and many were one mass of bloom—scarlet, white, apricot and mauve. The Zambesi we crossed in the night, so did not see the Victoria Falls until our return journey. The mining camps of the Copper Belt were a revelation, causing us to revise all our preconceived ideas of what a mining camp is. Gone are the days of "Roaring Camp," Bret Harte and his hard-drinking, gambling gunmen—instead, where three or four years ago was dense African forest, there are now model townships, complete with hospitals and schools. In broad, tree-planted streets are beautiful houses equipped with every modern convenience and surrounded by lovely gardens with stretching lawns. Instead of the disreputable bar you find a wonderful Club House, sports grounds, golf links, tennis courts, bowling greens and cinema. "Two-Gun Pete" has given place to clear-eyed, athletic young men, living their normal lives of hard work and healthy sport and observing all the decencies of social and family life. At Nkana

there is a big modern hotel, which would be considered first-class in London, and the untouched bush, in which leopards and occasionally even lions are still found, comes up to the very doorstep. It seemed uncanny; it was like magic; I should not have been surprised to awake and find it all a dream. Indeed, a little over eighteen months ago the magic was broken; prosperity passed from the Copper Belt, mines were closed down, hundreds of people in a day passed from affluence to penury. The depression is over now, and the mines are re-opening, but we saw one tragic reminder of the impermanence of human endeavour—Bwana M'kubwa, the oldest property on the belt, on which millions were spent, which they say will never open again. Its great mouth was gaping to the sky; its hospital, Church, schools and beautiful houses were standing empty and already showing signs of falling into ruin as the result of the depredations of white ants. Its gardens and lawns, almost as we watched, were being swallowed up once more by the hungry tropical jungle. It was a terrifying thing to see. During those dark days, Toc H was severely tried. At *Mufulira* and *Bwana M'kubwa*, where the mines closed down, the Groups were entirely wiped out. At *Luanshya*, *Nkana*, and *Ndola* they were so reduced in membership that it is entirely due to the courage of a few stalwarts that the units survived at all. Now they are raising their heads once more, having weathered the storm. Ndola, which throughout the bad days did much to relieve distress, is visibly growing. At Nkana, Geoffrey Vincent is making desperate efforts to re-kindle the enthusiasm that was almost dead. At Luanshya the Mine Management has lent a building and some of their old members are returning to the mine. At Mufulira, where the mine has just been re-opened, they are planning to re-kindle the Rushlight. Through the whole district moves Padre Ellis, of the Universities' Mission, inspiring, guiding, encouraging, and to him in great measure is due the fact that Toc H survived the catastrophe.

At *Broken Hill* there is a well-established Branch. Here the depression was not felt so keenly as further north, but they have passed through a time of severe testing. Their membership was greatly reduced, their excellent "Everyman's Club" had to be closed from lack of means, and the calls upon their service were chiefly to help people to find the means to leave the country. Their most spectacular job was completed a little while ago, when after many months of really hard physical labour, they converted some waste townland into a Public Park. One of their number, who is an architect, designed the lay-out, all did their share in clearing bush, removing ant-heaps, laying out paths and flower-beds and planting trees and shrubs. Their task completed they named it after the Founder Padre and handed it over to the municipal authorities, who now maintain it. The citizens of Broken Hill are justly proud of Clayton Park and of the men who made it. (See Plate XLI).

At *Livingstone* I found an enthusiastic crowd who have just been granted Branch status. This is the capital of Northern Rhodesia and in consequence the official element is very strong in the membership. For various reasons it has been decided to move the capital to Lusaka, much further north, and this removal is soon taking place. Six Toc H members have already moved with their departments; at least another half-dozen will go in the next few months, which means that the new capital will be inaugurated with a strong Toc H Group already in its midst. Livingstone can stand their loss, for it has a great railway camp and many men of the right sort to draw upon. During our stay at Livingstone we had the opportunity of visiting the Victoria Falls, an experience far exceeding even our anticipations. The wonder and glory of it left us speechless. I have seen Niagara, but for sheer beauty I have seen nothing to compare with this. One day we crossed the River Zambesi in a skiff, picnicked under the palms, and revelled in the wide spread of water, jewelled by hundreds of tree-clad islands. The outstanding Toc H experience was a moon-light picnic on the banks of the river. Huge camp fires were lighted, fed with great tree trunks, round which all shared in cooking the supper, which proved an uproarious meal.

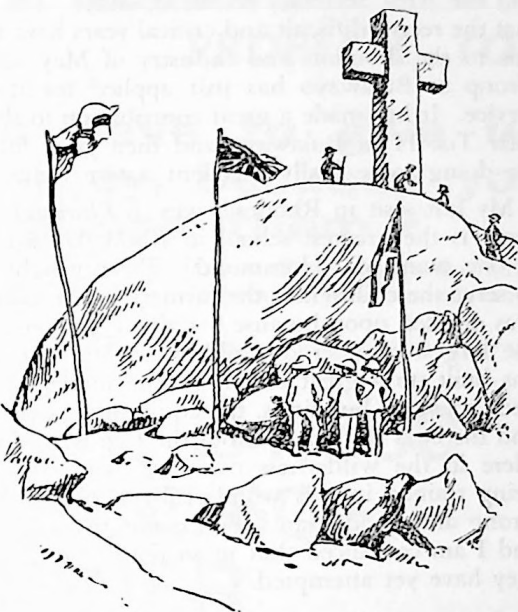
The Guest-night that followed I shall never forget—the Ceremony of Light beneath the palms which were gilded by the firelight; the silence broken only by the night noises from the river; that talk to that audience, their faces white in the moonlight or ruddy in the glow of the fire, all combined to move me as I have rarely been moved. Then a last look at the Falls in the moonlight and home towards midnight quivering with the emotion of a great experience. The next day we crossed the river into Southern Rhodesia.

Gwelo and its neighbour *Que Que* (forty miles away) have been through very bad days. If it had not been for the courage and enthusiasm of such men as "Jimmy" Swan and Rich both lights would have been put out. Now, however, the depression is lifting. Charles Thompson, whom some have called the "corpse-reviver of Rhodesia," has just been stationed at Gwelo; the mines and government departments no longer talk of retrenchment and the future looks bright. At *Lalapanzi* I had a wonderful meeting in the garden of a typical Rhodesian farm; both here and at *Selukwe*, Gwelo contemplates starting Wings.

From Gwelo, accompanied by Charles Thompson and his wife, we made a dash through the night to *Fort Victoria* and thence to *Zimbabwe* to see those wonderful ruins—an unsolved mystery in stone, to which no man can give a date or name the builders. It was a crowded day of engrossing interest, followed by another night journey to resume work at Gwelo.

Salisbury, the capital of Southern Rhodesia, was our next place of call; there followed the usual round of official visits, preachments, and addressing of schools. The Branch is very strong and doing excellent work. Toc H counts for much in the life of Salisbury. *Umtali*, which we visited next, is right on the borders of Portuguese East Africa, in the heart of the "Switzerland of Rhodesia." It is surrounded by wonderful mountain scenery, and on one kopje, dominating every part of the town, is a great stone cross, placed there by Colonel Methuen, in memory of the natives who gave their lives in the Great War—the sort of thing one is not surprised to find a Foundation Member of Toc H and a friend of Tubby's doing. Here Toc H is very much alive, and possesses an imposing hall, on which there is only a few pounds debt, although it cost over £400 to build. It was at this place that, when Geoff was here, the members of L.W.H. took it in turns to entertain him and at every meal during a stay of many days he had a fresh hostess! I am told he accepted these attentions as to the manner born and was quite unembarrassed thereby. Umtali spread itself during our visit and Toc H gave a garden party, to which the whole world and his wife came. They also put on as an item at their Guest-night the Broadcast play, *The White Chateau*, which was excellently well done.

During the journey from Umtali to Bulawayo I left the train at *Marandellas*, promising my wife to catch her and the baggage up at Salisbury. At Marandellas I found a gallant little group carrying on under unthinkable difficulties and greatly fearing that they were



*The Natives' War Memorial (see next page).*

not worthy of their Rushlight. To such I raise my hat. Not many would carry on as they do, hampered by distances, scattered population, bad roads, and conditions which might daunt the bravest. After our meeting I found Mr. Smith of Salisbury (father of Graham Smith of Mark VII), waiting with his car. He had driven out 45 miles to fetch me and had undertaken to get me in over those 45 miles of bad road in time to catch up with my train at Salisbury—and he did it.

The next day we were in *Bulawayo*. Here live the Area Chairman, R. C. Tredgold, and the Area Secretary V. B. B. May. The Rhodesias are fortunate in their leaders and that the recent difficult and critical years have been successfully passed is in no small measure due to the devotion and industry of May and the inspired leadership of Tredgold. The Group at Bulawayo has just applied for its Lamp and has behind it a history of fine service. It has made a great contribution to the whole country in the men who have learned their Toc H in Bulawayo and then gone forth to kindle the light in other places. They are doing some really excellent native welfare work—indeed all their jobs are good.

My last visit in Rhodesia was to *Plumtree*, just on the borders of British Bechuanaland. Here is the greatest school in Rhodesia and its history is remarkable. It is the life-work of one man, Mr. Hammond. Twenty-eight years ago a "farm school" was started here to serve the children of the farmers in the district and the workers on the railway. Plumtree was decided upon because a railway ganger lived there who had a family of nine children, the largest number of children in any one place. From that beginning Mr. Hammond has built up a great school on the model of an English public school. Over £40,000 has been spent on buildings, the equipment is thoroughly up-to-date, the staff is highly qualified and the boys are drawn from the two Rhodesias, Nyasaland and the Union of South Africa. Here in the wilderness over 300 boys, the future leaders of British Central Africa, are being trained in this wonderful school which has been built round the personality of one strong and good man. Following my visit Bulawayo is starting a "wing" at Plumtree and I am convinced that in so doing they have put their hand to the most important task they have yet attempted.

O. S. W.

## Real J.A.M.

*This note, with the drawing on p. 411, comes from the JOURNAL of June, 1925.*

IT must have been the autumn of 1916, at Poperinge, when I first gave my best Labour Battalion salute to Colonel J. A. Methuen, D.S.O. It was thuswise. I dropped in to visit a new mob of I.B. signals. . . The Colonel was spoken of and suddenly appeared, a presence incredibly paternal. I was in travail at the time over a confirmation, and was sparring for an opening. He sensed this somehow, and added a word or two in a soldier's tongue about the gift of confirmation which brought those men to the class that night. There wasn't the slightest trace of undue influence, it was just take-it-or-leave-it testimony from someone they trusted, as no man before him. For the next fortnight I saw him and them almost daily—never since. . . Long after came a letter, some cuttings, and two photographs, from one of which the sketch here shown is made. It is in Rhodesia, the only memorial to natives who made the great sacrifice, and J.A.M. and his brother brought it into being. The cross stands thirty feet high, and weighs fifty tons. Its site is on the Portuguese border, and the precipitous summit of the Kopje can be reached by only one difficult approach, up which the natives carried the whole of the material and the water. A labour of love, indeed. After the unveiling, two minutes of complete silence were kept, not a sound coming from that vast native assembly. Truly, a triumph of the Cross, unthinkable in Rhodesia within the dynasties of chiefs before Zymunia, who laid a wreath of wild flowers at its foot.

P. B. C.





Talk it over with your wife

# A MAN'S PROBLEM

BUT—

IT IS A

WOMAN'S

PROBLEM, TOO

**At age 60 will you have to give up comforts you now enjoy, because you can no longer afford them?**

The house you now live in—your car, your golf, theatres, holidays—all the things that count for so much in your life, will you some day have to give them up because your earned income has failed?

Out of to-day's sufficiency, spare a little to make these pleasures, this present desirable standard of good living, secure to you and yours for life.

## YOU CAN HAVE £4,500 CASH AT AGE 60— OR SOONER

Think what such a sum would mean to you, just coming when you may want, or be forced, to retire! Think what it would mean to your family!

Do not dismiss the idea as impossible. Thousands of men, no better off than you, are making similar provision for their own later years and for the protection of their families. The Sun Life of Canada is helping them; it will help you, too.

Let the Company explain to you how easily you can win financial security by means of its

latest Pension Protection Plan. Not only does the Plan look after your later years but meantime it guarantees provision for your family, should you not live.

And it also saves you Income Tax.

This, or one of the Company's other plans is available at any age, and for larger and smaller amounts. Do not hesitate to obtain figures for your own needs and circumstances. These are willingly supplied without any obligation on your part.

The Assets of the Sun Life of Canada exceed £125,000,000. The Company operates in 40 different countries and serves over 1,000,000 policy-holders. Government Audit and Supervision completes the security. The Canadian Insurance Laws are among the most stringent in the world.

**CUT OUT AND POST TO-DAY**  
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**SUN LIFE ASSURANCE CO. OF CANADA.**  
(Incorporated in Canada in 1865 as a Limited Company)

30, Sun of Canada House, Cockspur Street, London, S.W.1.

Please send me—without obligation on my part—full particulars of your Pension and Protection Guarantee.

NAME .....

(Mr., Mrs. or Miss)

ADDRESS .....

OCCUPATION .....

EXACT DATE OF BIRTH .....

See H. Journal,  
Dec. 8th, 1933.

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**EX-MARK VII. RECOMMENDATION.**—Comfortable moderate home for gentlemen, 4 minutes stations, 8 minutes electric service, 25 minutes City; constant hot water; telephone.—**WORCESTER HOUSE**, Sanderstead Road, S. Croydon.

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the joys of your own childhood, particularly at Christmastide, will you enable some less fortunate little one to enjoy a happy home life, by helping

## The N.S.P.C.C.

The prevention of unnecessary suffering among defenceless little children is a work towards which all sympathetic hearts should open at this time of Goodwill to others.

Will you kindly send a Christmas donation now to the Hon. Treasurer, Sir G. Wyatt Truscott, or Director, William J. Elliott, National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, Victory House, Leicester Square, London, W.C.2. (Chairman: The Viscount Ullswater, G.C.B.)

## An Oft-forgotten People.

**T**O be without Speech and Hearing is to be as a stranger in one's own land; the main avenue of approach is closed.

## The Royal Association in Aid of the DEAF & DUMB

with the aid of its specially trained staff is bridging the gulf, providing social intercourse and friendliness for loneliness and isolation. Through its work it is changing depression and despair into hope and happy usefulness; poverty and unemployment into self-support and self-respect.

There are more than 6,000 Deaf and Dumb within its area; for many of them it would be

## A Lonely Christmas Indeed

but for the assistance of this Society. Your support is earnestly asked.

Please send a Christmas Gift to-day to  
**GRAHAM W. SIMES**, Secretary, 413,  
Oxford Street, London, W.1.

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*Pepys on Tower Hill.* All Hallows. 6d.

TOWER HILL—what a 'pageant' indeed! None wider, grander or more tragic is given to us in the story of the British people. Memories proud or shameful, joyful or most tragic, belong to every corner of the Hill. To-day the roaring tide of the great City's commerce fills it and its waterside receives out of many lands, as in time past, the traffic of the sea. The story of England is summed up in so large a measure in that of the Hill that one cannot be told without the other. Two-thirds of the pages in *The Pageant of Tower Hill* are devoted to the recital of this history, with a wealth of fascinating detail and an abundance of finely printed illustrations, by Dr. Leftwich, the librarian of the Custom House. It is a true romance, whose plot is nothing less than the making of England.

But the beauties of Tower Hill, as it is seen to-day, have been sadly defaced and hidden by men's misuse and by mean, and sometimes monstrous building. Anyone can see what is, but it needs a kindled imagination to see what might be. This imagination has long been at work—and it is Tubby's. Every visitor to All Hallows—one of the surviving splendours of the Hill—knows how he has wakened the old church to life and joy and beauty since he became its vicar at the end of 1922. That has been in itself a tremendous task, but it is not all that shall be, if his dreams come true. The first and the last parts of *The Pageant of Tower Hill* state the problems and suggest some of the remedies. The short 'Bangwent' pamphlet, *Great Tower Hill Regained*, gives an outline of the plans in brief. In both Tubby speaks on behalf of the 'Tower Hill Improvement Company.' The project has backing from men of real weight in the City of London, notably of Lord Wakefield, who writes in commendation of *The Pageant* volume: "Tubby, in his noble work at All Hallows, has rekindled the spirit of brotherhood. In this book he shows the creative possibilities of the spirit of citizenship, combining reverence for our ancient glories with service to the great City in which we live and work. Loving London as I do, I see in the reclamation of Tower Hill a work which must go forward to her praise and honour."

The details of that reclamation—so wide in its sweep and bold in its optimism—readers must see for themselves. To catalogue them as briefly as possible they are:

1. To demolish the enormous and ugly warehouse, dating from 1864, which hems in All Hallows, and to lay out a "King's Green" which might also cover the space now devoted to lunch-hour oratory, often of the least edifying character.
2. To clear the pavement outside All Hallows of a mis-shapen building erected in 1911.
3. To make the tidal beach below the Tower safe as a playground for children.
4. To gain permanent access to the Tower Moat for the general public when the band plays there. (A band of ex-servicemen, engaged by Tubby with Lord Wakefield's support, already plays there and the concession for the Moat is now in operation).
5. To construct a garden on the East side of Trinity Square on land long vacant.
6. To have a "Corporation Garage" opened on the site of two houses to relieve the congestion of Trinity Square as a parking place and of traffic generally.
7. To try to end the difficulties of dual control of the Hill—one half by the City of London, the other by the Stepney Borough Council, which prejudices good order and decency.
8. At a later stage, to demolish the decayed buildings of Cooper's Row which hide the most perfect section of the Roman Wall itself.

All this work cannot be done at once (the lease of the big warehouse does not run out until 1948), but much spade-work of the mind and will must precede that of the hand. In this, Tubby, as he tells us in the book, is enlisting a true Toc H team, backed by a strong 'advisory board'—for his bold conception is to be reckoned as a great job for the Toc H spirit to work upon. It is a job not concerned merely with architects' plans or bricks and mortar, but with the daily lives of multitudes of men, women and children in the City. It is to provide for the 'One Square Mile' the "historic equivalent of Trafalgar Square" further west, a place to be used for refreshment of body and mind, a place to be proud of, a place to "provide half a million City workers with light, air and recreation."

*The Pageant of Tower Hill* is a big book, both in itself and in its conception. Dr. Leftwich's part is not only scholarly but extremely readable; Tubby's has the vivid charm, the humour and the fire of his best writing. So much material, so well produced, cannot be issued at a 'popular' price, but no Toc H member who can get hold of the book will regret his efforts to do so.

Three other short pamphlets claim mention here. Each is concerned with a notable chapter in the history of Tower Hill. The first, *Roman London*, a description of the wonderful model now to be seen in the vestry of All Hallows, was noticed in these pages last month (it costs 3d.) The second, *A Tribulation of Tower Hill*, is described on its title-page as "a sketch of Archbishop Laud for folk who are fair-minded." It was written by Canon Mason, a former Vicar of All Hallows and builder of its well-known Porch Room, about one of his greatest predecessors in office; Tubby, as a successor, writes a preface. The third little book, of pocket size, is *Pepys on Tower Hill*—a delicious medley of short extracts from the most entertaining of diarists. It is sold (at 6d.) "for the fund which has, since 1931, helped 12,000 hungry and ill-shod men on Tower Hill."

## Four Witnesses

*Four Thoughts upon Toc H.* By the Northman, Cyril Bailey, Cuthbert Bardsley and The Archbishop of York. 'Bangwent' Series No. XI. All Hallows. 6d.

Tubby has here collected four 'thoughts,' each very different in subject and style, but all alike in being good food for the Toc H member. The second and the fourth contributors are senior members of our Family—one the Public Orator of Oxford University, the other an Archbishop and one of our Presidents; the first and third contributors are much junior, one an anonymous writer in *The Northman*, the Toc H magazine of the Northern Area, and the other a member of the All Hallows staff. Three of the 'thoughts' were originally spoken, two at the Southern Area Festival at Oxford in July and one at the Yorkshire Conference in June. Each 'thought,' therefore, has already had its limited Toc H audience, but it was very well worth while collecting them and presenting them to the whole Family. "The Northman" tells again the story of the Good Samaritan in such a very vigorous modern guise that it shakes our minds out of the complacent rut of the average church-going listener to the Gospel and makes us think furiously, because personally. Cyril Bailey deals with the Elder Brethren, Cuthbert Bardsley with that keen but perplexed young man, Toc H, whom he met out walking. The Archbishop in "Our Self-offering" gives us masterly guiding on private prayer and on self-examination, a subject which has scared many by its very name and by some of the handbooks which try to teach the practice of it. Here is a common-sense (which implies also a sense of humour) and a deep understanding both of men's ways and of God's. This *Bangwent* is a sixpenn'orth not merely to be read in half-an-hour and then buried among last month's magazines, but to be kept handy as a help in the daily life of any one of us.

## Greatheart

*Edward Wilson of the Antarctic.* By George Seaver. John Murray. 10s. 6d.

THIS book is a splendid addition to one of the most gallant stories in the history of our race, for the hero of it was one of the two men who died in the little tent with Captain Scott in the Antarctic in 1912. And the book, written with great insight and restraint by Mr. Seaver, reveals for the first time to all but Wilson's most intimate friends, the full beauty and strength of his character. A very striking addition to it is the introduction by Mr. Cherry-Garrard, a fellow-member of Scott's ill-fated expedition. "If this book succeeds" (he begins) "in showing what kind of man Bill was, it will give you courage; and this is what the world has needed since he died, and perhaps never so much as now." "Courage," (he continues later) "or ambition, or love of notoriety may take you to the Antarctic, or any other uncomfortable place in the world, but it won't take you far inside without being found out; it's courage: and unselfishness: and helping one another: and sound condition: and willingness to put in every ounce you have: and clean living: and good temper: and tact: and good judgment: and faith. And the greatest of these is faith, especially a faith that what you are doing is of use. It's the idea which carries men on. There, if I am not mistaken, you have Bill Wilson."

It is precisely Edward Wilson's faith which emerges triumphant from these pages. The deep secret of its source was not displayed before men and now emerges from the unstudied, private journal which he left behind. Cherry-Garrard writes, "You must not think of Bill as a 'religious' man. It has come almost as a shock to some of us to learn now for the first time that he held a service to himself up in the crow's nest (of the ship *Discovery*) every week." And yet the pure and humble devotion of his spirit gives the key to every outward phase of his life.

On this book's title-page he is described by two proud names—"Naturalist and Friend." He succeeded grandly in being both because he was so sensitive and so single-hearted in them. As a boy at Cheltenham College and in his beloved home, The Crippets on the lovely slopes of Cotswold, people grew accustomed to his delightful smile, to his moral fearlessness, to his eager search for scientific knowledge. In his rambles alone he was a most successful observer of birds—and that requires, above all, a sensitive love of the shyest things. What he saw, in landscape or in feather, he was most fortunately able to record in delicate pencil or water-colour drawings, a talent which was later to enrich wonderfully the record of Polar exploration. His scientific career, from boyhood wanderings among the birds and wild-flowers of the West Country to his work for the Grouse Commission and his researches in the Antarctic, knew no slipshod moments. And to knowledge he added the vision of an artist. Of such qualities are the great naturalists made. As for Wilson as a friend—the whole of this book is a biography of friendship, surviving the highest tests and enduring to the last hour.

Wilson graduated for the tremendous hardship of a Polar explorer's life in an unexpected way. From Caius College, Cambridge, he passed as a medical student to St. George's Hospital, London. His spare time was given, unsparingly, to a Mission in the slums of Battersea. He worked equally keenly in both places and under the double strain his health gave way: as a tuberculous patient he was sent to Switzerland, after a brief stay in Norway. In a year's time he was at home again, convalescent, made the marriage which brought him the greatest happiness of his life, took his degree, and was soon after appointed to the staff of a Cheltenham hospital. All this time he had taken great pains to perfect himself in the drawing of birds and animals, and it was this quality which came to the notice of those who were organising the expedition of the *Discovery*. He came to London, weakened by two

recent operations for blood-poisoning and bearing the scars of his tuberculosis, and was adversely reported on by the medical board. But Captain Scott had met him and from the first had set his heart on having this man in the team. And so the profession in which his name will be for ever honourably remembered became his.

The hardships of the voyage of the *Discovery* proved that Scott's judgment of Edward Wilson was right: this man had not only an expert knowledge but every quality of character which the most dangerous enterprise needed. The *Discovery* reached home in 1904, and six years of varied scientific work were to intervene before Wilson set out again, on the little *Terra Nova*, as one of Scott's men for the last voyage of all. The epic of that journey has a considerable literature and is a proud paragraph in the long tale of British heroism. This book tells the story, with special reference to Edward Wilson's part, in five absorbing chapters. Everyone knows how five British greathearts—Scott, Wilson, Bowers, Oates and Evans—stood at last at their goal, the South Pole—only to find that the Norwegian, Amundsen, had forestalled them. A photograph taken by Bowers on this solemn spot shows Scott and Wilson roaring with laughter: an entry in Scott's diary reads, "Now for the run home and a desperate struggle. I wonder if we can do it." These two records, taken together, surely reveal what manner of men these were. They knew to the full the risks of the 800-mile journey which lay between them and safety, and they could not lose the habit of laughter.

Misfortune shadowed them early and followed them to the end. The first to go was Seaman Evans, the strongest man in the party; he died in harness. Snow-blinded and frost-bitten, his friends slogged on, while Scott notes in his diary, "Wilson, the best fellow that ever stepped, has sacrificed himself again and again to the sick men in the party." The next to go, as all the world knows, was that "very gallant gentleman," 'Titus' Oates, who, living almost beyond human endurance, walked quietly out to his death in the blizzard to save his friends trouble. And then comes the last scene in the tent where, eleven impossible miles from the depot which might have saved them, Scott, Wilson and Bowers lay down to await death. Among the incalculable treasures of the British Museum there is one above all others which will always have power to stir the hearts of our countrymen—the pencilled message of Captain Scott, on the point of death, to the British race. It will be a sad day indeed when any one of us can read these sentences unmoved:—

"It would do your heart good to be in our tent, and to hear our songs and cheery conversation. . . . We are weak, writing is difficult, but for my own sake I do not regret this journey, which has shown that Englishmen can endure hardships, help one another and meet death with as great a fortitude as ever in the past. . . . Had we lived, I should have had a tale to tell of the hardihood, endurance and courage of my companions which would have stirred the heart of every Englishman. These rough notes and our dead bodies must tell the tale. . . ."

In the tent also were found the last letters. Scott writes to Mrs. Wilson a tribute to 'Bill' who "died as he lived, a brave, true man—the best of comrades and staunchest of friends." And Edward Wilson himself writes to her: "All is for the best to those that love God, and oh, my Ory, we have both loved Him with all our lives. All is well. . . ." And so they sleep on, incorruptible in their stainless, frozen grave. The example of them also shall not suffer decay.

This is a book which every member should read, if he can, and it is a true benefaction that a friend of Edward Wilson and of Toc H has presented a copy to the library of each of the Marks in England.

B. B.



# THE FAMILY OVERSEAS

## From South America

THIS has been a silent continent in Toc H matters for many months past. At last a report from the *Rio* Branch has come to hand, proving that although they have not been vocal, they have been functioning all the time. Indeed, they have brought to birth two wings: one meeting at Nichteroy, possessing already a good membership of fifteen or so, and probationers, and the other at the Missions to Seamen's Institute.

The greatest event in *Rio's* history seems to have been the famous "Churrasco," that came as a result of a demand for a meeting that was new, startling and fresh while being Toc H. The reply was this out of doors feast in the Archdeacon's garden. The Churrasco seems to be an excuse for eating and for bonfires out of season. Accordingly two huge fires were lit for portions of cattle to be roasted and consumed. Thus, many courses went their ways, until everyone sat back satisfied that he had eaten far more than any fellow member. When the remains of the cattle had been consigned to the great army of attendant slaves, the members observed the Ceremony of Light, finding in the quiet and simplicity of their outdoor surroundings added dignity, quiet and simplicity in the ceremony itself. Then the speaker of the evening produced his magic apparatus and electrical appliances capable of locating sunken ribs, floating kidneys, and loose diaphragms, exhibited his knack of painless neck-breaking, and so instructed and amused the Branch until it was time to catch the last ferry boat back over the water to Rio.

The big job of the *Rio* Branch is that of taking charge of the evening entertainments of the Missions to Seamen. The Institute is of considerable size with a clientèle that has travelled wherever there is sea. It is occasionally extraordinarily cosmopolitan. In the last week of July there passed through the Institute about seventy British sailors, twenty German, two Danes, a Dutchman and an American. Consequently knowledge of tongues is a valuable aid to doing the job well. To this Institute come the men of the Atlantic Fleet, when in those waters; Toc H members on board the same boat have been known to meet each other for the first time at the Institute.

These sailor members are the true carrier pigeons, bringing news of units isolated on far seaboards, firsthand tales of their life and struggles. Here is an illuminating extract: "It was a pleasant surprise to see friend Shepheard amongst other old friends on board the *Durban*, he being a stout Toc H'er, and one of the band who started missionising in the *Dauntless* whilst in Rio last year. He has seen a lot of Toc H in South America, and told me how a unit he knew as keen and flourishing a few years ago has dwindled down to a handful of rather disheartened members due to the bad times they were experiencing in that town. It made me wonder how our Branch would stand up under such adversity."

The Wings are pursuing the usual way, finding secretaries and homes, running children's sports days, and giving a hand at the Institute. More of them may be heard later.

## From Australia

You may paint a picture in bold vigorous strokes, striking in the main outlines, or you may begin painstakingly to limn the small detail and build up fragment by fragment into a completed whole. Too often these notes, which are an attempt to tell the family everywhere else how it lives here, deal in generalisations. It is felt that if it can be shown that *Perth* is thinking about the same things as *Sydney* there is some mysterious communication between them. We discover a "main tendency." Jobs have "implications"



foisted upon them if they will not fit the prevailing theory. As a reaction, a unit or two will be selected not at random but because of some particular achievement which can be reported without propounding a theory.

Though only a small Group, and situated up in the hills of Northern Tasmania, the *Sheffield* Group is functioning satisfactorily. Members are keen and enthusiastic in the work. An effort is being made to beautify the town by utilising spare blocks and corners, and turning them into small garden plots and rockeries. Community song nights are held fortnightly, and it speaks well for the interest shown that the last two or three nights have produced audiences packed to the doors.

The *Wallerawang* Group in New South Wales have been trying to make rough places smooth. Some work has been put into the job of distributing clothing, but the supply is inadequate. This applies more especially to the little ones; the climate is very severe in this district, and many of them are but poorly clad. There is a capable committee to deal with this matter, with an extensive knowledge of local conditions, who have already shown their capacity.

On one occasion five members of the *Geraldton* Group made a trip of sixty-five miles to have a look at one of their offspring at Mullewa. Tea was provided and a fine party proceeded. Later another party was held at the Government Hospital, where some pigeons had succeeded in making nuisances of themselves. The Group were commissioned to catch them and wring their necks. On one occasion the bag was two eggs, two live pigeons, thirteen heads and twelve bodies; next morning it was discovered that the missing body had by some unknown means travelled about thirty miles down the road. That evening the bodies appeared in an official capacity at the unit tea, in the form of pie.

The *Chatswood* Group, New South Wales, have recently tried the practice of placing on each member in turn the responsibility for the evening's programme, during which he shall also occupy the chair. The first night under this scheme was a musical one, vocal and instrumental, ending with a straight talk by the Padre. The second meeting brought with it a surprise; the member responsible, who previously had hidden his talent under a bushel, that night unexpectedly broke forth into song, and good stuff at that. Games of various kinds occupied members at the next meeting, but the following week the entire crowd took themselves, complete with tucker, to the home of a lone member of the Group. This involved a walk of five miles there and the same distance back. The house invaded, without invitation, survived an uproarious sing-song in front of a blazing log fire. With the exercise of imagination, each of us may see this quiet pageant of Toc H proceeding the whole world over. So is the movement bound together by the unseen chain.

### From India

CHILDREN follow the drums, maidens follow the spruce red jackets, old men follow the newspaper reports of the army. The latest recruit to follow is a unit of Toc H. As the troops move up into the Hills in summer, their local units are left desolate and empty, and they without its familiar charm. Consequently, on May 10, when the Hill season has really begun, a new unit was created at the station in the Murree Hills, open to all the members on duty there for the summer. Nearly every unit in the Region was represented at the first meeting of this unnamed unit. Week by week the numbers increased as the station became more popular. The culminating event was the Toc H supper and social on June 24 which marked the departure of the R.A.F. first Hill party. At this function no fewer than sixty-four members were present, from the following homes: 27 from *Rawalpindi*, 10 from *Risalpur*, 9 from *Peshawar*, 8 from *Kohat*, 4 from *Ambala*, 3 from *Lahore*, 2 from *Delhi*, and 1 from *Calcutta*. The chief Guest was the Presidency Senior Chaplain of the Church

of Scotland. The dinner was a great success, and it was agreed that though Toc H had taken nearly eighteen years to reach the Murree Hills, it had come to stay. There seems to have been some despondency in the past about the problem of "jobs" in the Hills. But since the "Something" in the Murree Hills there has been experienced no dearth of jobs, and the difficulty has been to cope with them efficiently. Here are some of the unusual things the members did there in addition to such quiet things as Scouting; assistance with children's services, with Sunday School treats, instruction for Girl Guides in signalling and first aid, prevention of cruelty to hill ponies, bearing-party for a coffin, entertaining the Mothers' Union, despatch of unattended children by railway to Rawalpindi, where they will be met by the *Rawalpindi* Group, and the inevitable concerts.

### From Malay

According to the new constitution which has recently been granted by Headquarters, London, Toc H in Malaya constitutes a Province and the existing Wings become Groups. It is, of course, to be hoped that the Groups will shortly become Branches and that new Groups will be formed. The governing body is to be the General Council of Toc H in Malaya, and this body will in turn appoint an Executive to attend to current business. The sloggers will be the Secretary and the Registrar. The General Council will be composed partly of senior men nominated by Headquarters in London and partly of elected representatives of Groups. In this way, Toc H will be provided with that senior element which will enable it to hold its own in the face of the world. The Executive Committee will be entirely composed of members situated in one place, in Singapore to start with, and this will enable the committee to meet and get on with the business. Meanwhile, Groups will have a senior body to whom to refer all knotty points and to whom they may look for continual help, encouragement and advice, and at the same time they will be relieved of all business except their own internal affairs. This will be a Council which will not confine itself to business, but will have vision to see where new Groups may be started, knowledge above that possible to the ordinary members to know where Toc H may find fresh spheres of usefulness, and which will give help and encouragement to Groups by personal visits; in brief, a vitalizing central body.

A novel form of job is being tried by the *Taiiping* Wing, in an attempt to improve the standard of local domestic service and in the hope of introducing the thin end of the wedge of Servants' Registration. It was realised that the greatest danger to the success of any scheme is the impermanence of local Toc H members. Therefore the Wing proposed to compile an instruction book for local domestics. In order to gather material for such a classic, a letter was sent to every lady in the town who manages a household asking what qualities in her opinion she would look for in a good house boy. When this information is ready and tabulated the scheme will be set in practice. Proposed candidates must have a clear record. This will be tested by finger print enquiry. Candidates will be trained to a scheduled time-table in accordance with the book, the training being spaced to cover a definite period. The work will be both practical and theoretical under supervision by members. A committee of ladies will be asked to inspect periodic tests, as well as the final test and grading. After qualifying, the pupils will be attached to members' households for a period of practical experience and for final instruction in unexpected detail and household emergencies. As each pupil passes out he will be issued with a booklet containing a certified photograph of himself, amplified by a portrait in words, his thumb-print, and a report of his record and training. A register of employment will then be opened for the use of these finished products. Employers using these trained boys notify the bureau in the case for praise or blame or dismissal, and register all changes. Thus a valuable system of Registration will be instituted.

## NEWS FROM THE NAVY

### From the Mediterranean Fleet

*Here is a short report of the activities of the Toc H men in the Mediterranean Fleet, during its summer exercises in those waters.*

"On June 26, the night before the Fleet sailed from Malta for the first part of the cruise, a Guest-night was held in King Edward VII Rest. This was also the occasion of our farewell to our ever-ready counsellor and Foundation Member of Malta Branch, George Potter, who at different times has held the positions of Jobmaster, Pilot and Fleet Secretary. He will be very much missed by Toc H in the Fleet and at Malta. Forty-four members joined in this family party. When the Fleet arrived at CORFU, members and probationers met on shore for a swim and a picnic. Our guide said that he had found a suitable place the previous day, 'just round the corner.' After three miles' walking, we came to a shady spot on the cliff overlooking the cove, where we practised our aquatic capabilities, and ate a smackrell of something. Then off we went without a chance of meeting again until the ships of the Fleet gathered together again at KOTOR, in Yugo-Slavia, for the regatta. After that function was over, twenty-three of us went ashore, to walk another three miles to another shady spot 'just round the corner.' The picnic and bathe were rather like the previous one, but most enjoyable.

"We returned to Malta on August 17, and joined in the Toc H activities there for a fortnight, which included a meeting in the Lieutenant-Governor's House, Verdala Palace. We left Malta for the second part of the cruise on the last day of August, during which cruise we were able to make contact with other Groups and lone members. It was difficult to do anything in CYPRUS owing to the distance and that there is no unit there as yet, although there are two members, both at LIMASOL. At HAIFA there are one or two lone members but no unit. This town is now a most important port for England, so there should be a beginning there soon. Padre Harry Moss visits Haifa occasionally in connection with his job with the men building the oil pipe-line from Iraq. Unfortunately he was not there when the Navy arrived.

"A number of Toc H members with others of the ship's companies visited JERUSALEM from Haifa and Jaffa at different periods between September 12 and October 9. The *Jerusalem* Group did a fine job by showing parties of Naval chaps round the city. The pilgrimage round Jerusalem was most impressive and one that gripped the imagination of everyone. The Group also entertained parties of Fleet members at their Headquarters for one night during each visit. When the Fleet reached *Port Said*, we found that a programme of entertainments had been arranged by the British community, among whom the local Toc H Group were to the fore. One of the Padre's jobs there is to get in touch with the crews of the tankers passing through the Canal. Scout Troops flourish here, but there is room for Toc H as well. Both at Port Said and at Alexandria the folk who were responsible for the entertainment were quite worn out by the end of the Fleet's four weeks' visit. Besides the usual jobs, the members at Alexandria get in touch with the apprentices of the merchant ships and take them along to the flat of one of their members for the evenings, while on Saturdays and Sundays they all go out for picnics. A job worth while.

"One or two of the fellows got into touch with Toc H in *Cairo*, finding that their numbers were badly depleted, partly due to the wicked trade conditions, and to the exigencies of the services. Their cream had apparently left them. They ran monthly bean-ups for the hard-hit families, and usually manage to have a meal together once a month. Their best job is the unusual one of helping an English lady in rescue work. It is a fine work needing courage.

"In conclusion, it is hoped to make these contacts a yearly affair, or as often as a ship visits the ports. Not only will the naval chaps benefit but also the shore units and lone members. We in Malta tend to become insular, and it is possible that the same applies to the shore units out here. We are all of the same family and we should, as part of the family, visit and encourage any other part of the family wherever we are."

### From the Home Fleet

Most of the big ships of the Home Fleet were congregated together at *Invergordon* on May 13, prior to setting sail for the 1933 Summer Cruise. Seven members attended the meeting of the unit on that night and adjourned the meeting until the 21st when numbers grew to eighteen, well mixed with landlubbers, off on a ten-mile ramble to view the local scenery. Weekly meetings continued, culminating in a grand Guest-night on June 2, at which twenty-five members, four naval visitors, and twenty-eight landsmen, five of them coming from *Inverness*, met for the last time. Then the ships cut their cables and slipped their moorings for their cruise. H.M.S. *Renown* appeared at *Bournemouth* to visit a combined Guest-night of Toc H and L.W.H. before travelling southwards along the Devon and Cornish coast. The members could not land at Torbay owing to bad weather, but as the ship proceeded to Penzance they made several contacts with shore members and visited the beauty spots whenever possible.

A member from H.M.S. *Versatile* paid a visit to *Londonderry*, and although there is no unit there yet, he got into touch with a friend interested in the Y.M.C.A., who had contact with the *Belfast* Group, so the seed is being sown. In addition, Hospitals were visited every day and offers of blood for transfusion were made in profusion. Two members of this boat penetrated as far as Manchester to inspect Marks VI and XIV, while two more from the Fifth Destroyer Flotilla were allowed to help at a Garden Fête at Salford. Other parts of the *Versatile* family put their muscle into another Garden Party at *Cardiff* and visited the Branch there. Arriving at *Jersey* they gave the local unit a splendid surprise. One member went early to clear up the *Jersey* Group's shack, and make himself useful until the Group should appear. So, as a reward, all the members of the ship were shown round the new Power Station.

As for H.M.S. *Furious*, they had a beano at *Larne*, and were shown the local Saw Mills. But they were also able to meet and talk to the newly formed Group and take along three Naval Probationers. With the memory of the recent jollification clear in their minds, the *Furious* members visited the Teignmouth Hospital to take a bottle of brandy to a Merchant Seaman who had had a leg amputated through an accident on board his ship. They finished up with a magnificent tea and entertainment to one hundred and thirty children on their ship. By the end of these high jinks they opine that their probationers are of the right stuff.

The visit of H.M.S. *Rodney* to Bangor has been reported already in the JOURNAL (October 1933, page 337. The penetrating power of the Navy is well indicated by the fact that not only did the sea-going members look in to Blackpool—where they took cheer to the local hospital, and attended the Guest-night, at which they were presented with a Toc H Book of Prayer and Praises with a beautifully carved cover expressing the wish that they should take Toc H afield where it is not known—but they braved a nine-miles walk on a wet Sunday to see the folk at *Pembroke*.

Some ships went to the Baltic, where unfortunately there are not yet any Toc H units, some went into Dock, and some called at other ports, but whether there were fellow-members at these places or not, on board the spirit of Toc H moved and had its being.

## AREA DESPATCH OF THE MONTH

*Despatches from Eastern and East Midland Areas and Scotland will appear next month.*

### From the North Western Area

"**T**HAT little Padre of yours—he's gone somewhere hasn't he?" Such is the greeting we get from friends outside Toc H; and from within the family, "Has Herbert arrived in New Zealand yet?" So is the Mighty Atom, the Rev. Herbert Leggate, missed by his friends, and remembered in his new adventure—we wish him and his wife God-speed Overseas. With the same breath we welcome Arthur Howard, Mrs. Howard, Alex Howard and Ruth Howard, as Area Padre (for we know Arthur and his family are one). Scientists say that the molecule succeeds the atom so we must be on the right line for Arthur is Australian and he is huge. Changes in the staff have been thick and fast and more and more. In June, Colin Stevenson and Michael Westropp changed places from Manchester to Liverpool and *vice versa*, Colin moving from Bleak House to Gladstone House and Michael taking up residence in Mark IV. Then Ian Fraser (a Scot—strayed from Newcastle) came and spent some happy days in Manchester before getting down to work in Westmorland and Cumberland.

Then Herbert sailed on October 14 for New Zealand, and Arthur Howard became Area Padre. He, by the way, lives in Liverpool. Now, as we write, Harry Mycroft has blown to Mark IV—with a through pass from Nottingham to Liverpool, first and only stop at Manchester—to learn how to read and write. This is the result of Colin's impending move to be Area Secretary of the West Midlands. There is another rumour of somebody at Crewe—but I think we have heard quite enough about the staff.

The tendencies we told you about last time, which you have all forgotten, have begun to be facts. To save repetition, I would ask you, gentle reader, to look at the May JOURNAL, page 232.

The Summer brought forth its many Camps. Here we would mention the Unemployed Camp at Marple for lads from Manchester, which was run from Whit-week until September, parties of thirty lads at a time having a week's holiday. This was financed by the Lord Mayor's Fund and staffed by Toc H. The first C.O. was Edgar Barrow of Morecambe, and then Jim Bruce of Bleak House and Mark IV. Other successful camps were run by the *Furness* District and by Fleetwood of the *Norths Lancs.* District. Most of our energies in the way of jobs have been directed towards the problem of unemployment.

Ian Fraser's advent to the northern part of our Area has made possible the necessary development, and we find, instead of the old Westmorland District, three Provisional Districts and the prospects of a fourth very soon. The welding of Cumberland and Westmorland into one manageable whole is in process—not as easy a process as may be supposed, on account of the differing characteristics of the peoples. For many years the mention of the North-West has never failed to stir adventure in the minds and hearts of young men and this because the North-West Mounted Police of Canada and the North-West Frontier of India have produced unexampled stories of gallant self-sacrificing individual and corporate adventure. Our own North-Westerner at home can well hold up his head with his Overseas brothers. For here daily is shown a grit, a patience, a sacrificial devotion and a spirit of adventure where conditions are supposed to bear the soft luxury of home. But do they? For here is the broken, distracted heart of industrial England. Man, fighting furiously for a living for himself and his own, and making it, leaves others idle, listless and starving. The scene is one of idle machines, idle money and idle men. Though this need not be, it is the situation that is giving us so great an opportunity.